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FAMILIAR ANIMALS AND THEIR WILD KINDRED

VAN ANTWERP BRAGG & CO.

CINCINNATI
NEW YORK
BOSTON

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McGUFFEY'S NATURAL HISTORY READERS

FAMILIAR ANIMALS

AND THEIR

WILD KINDRED

FOR THE THIRD READER GRADE

BY

JOHN MONTEITH, M.A.

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.

CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

McGuffey's Natural History Readers are intended to furnish supplementary reading within a field which is always fresh, interesting, and instructive to children.

By dispensing with lists of words for spelling, diacriticals, definitions, and paragraph numbers, and by developing a real and apparent unity in the subjects treated, they introduce the child at once into the form, style, and method of the literature of books.

By a natural link of association, they conduct the reader from the more familiar to the less familiar facts about animals, thus awakening his attention, stimulating his powers of observation, and leading him to discern, compare, and think for himself.

The publishers have spared no expense in presenting to the eye accurate pictures of the more prominent subjects of the text. With a single exception, the illustrations have been designed specially for this work.

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CONTENTS.

LESSON			PAGE
1.	Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs	*Mrs. Stowe.*	5
2.	Dogs Great and Small		7
3.	Remarkable Doings of Dogs		16
4.	Two Clever Dogs		21
5.	The Dog of St. Bernard		26
6.	"Love Me, Love my Dog"		27
7.	Wild, but Dog-like		30
8.	Renard		34
9.	Samson and the Foxes		37
10.	The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	*Wordsworth.*	39
11.	Velvet Paws and Covered Claws		40
12.	Did the Cat Count Four?	*Mrs. A. E. Porter.*	45
13.	The Cat's Ways		47
14.	Puss's Country Cousins		51
15.	Dog-like Cats		57
16.	The Tiger		60
17.	Giant Cats and their Families		61
18.	Rats	*Frank Buckland.* Adapted.	68
19.	Cunning Rats	*Frank Buckland.* Adapted.	70
20.	The Rat's Relations		73
21.	Red Riding-Hood	*Whittier.*	79
22.	The Gray Squirrel	*E. A. Samuels.* Adapted.	81
23.	The Woodchuck and his Skin	*Thoreau.* Adapted.	83
24.	Bruin and his Ways	Part 2 by *Arthur Nicols.*	86
25.	How to Frighten Wild Animals		90
26.	Bear-faces and Bear-feet		92
27.	Jolly Otters		96
28.	Hoofed Feet		97
29.	Horses Great, Small, and Swift		102
30.	Wise Horses		108
31.	Horse-like Animals		111
32.	Facts About Elephants		115
33.	The Children's Giant Friend	*Harper's Young People.*	119

Digitized by Google

LESSON			PAGE
34.	The Elephant and the Child		124
35.	Ancient History of Elephants		125
36.	The Rhinoceros	*Our Young Folks.* Adapted.	129
37.	Pigs Tame and Wild		132
38.	The Swine-General	*Youatt.* Adapted.	136
39.	Colonel Mayfield's Pets		138
40.	The River Pig	*Du Chaillu.* Adapted.	144
41.	Our Old Cow and her Near Relations		147
42.	Cud-chewers		152
43.	Moose-hunting	*Butler* and *Gordon.*	158
44.	Wild Reindeer	*P. H. Gosse.* Adapted.	161
45.	A True Story of a Fawn	*Edith May.*	164
46.	Catching Buffalo Calves	*Oliver Howard.* Adapted.	166
47.	Wild and Cow-like		169
48.	The Peterkins at the Menagerie	*Our Young Folks.* Adapted.	173
49.	Mary Who had the Little Lamb	*American Agriculturist.*	178
50.	Sheep and Goats		180
51.	The Ship of the Desert		185
52.	Milk-givers of the Sea		189
53.	Monkeys at Home		192
54.	How Monkeys Act		196
55.	Remus Crowley		199
56.	Capture of a Young Gorilla	*Du Chaillu.*	202

The Puma.

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FAMILIAR ANIMALS.

Finette. Hamlet. Maida.

I. SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

WHEN Washington Irving visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, he found him surrounded by dogs, which formed as much a part of his family as did his children.

In the morning, when they started for a ramble, the dogs would be on the alert to join them.

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There was, first, a tall old staghound named Maida, that considered himself the particular friend of his master, walked by his side, and looked into his eyes. Then there was a black greyhound named Hamlet, that gamboled and cut capers with the wildest glee.

And there was a beautiful setter named Finette, with large, mild eyes, soft, silken hair, and long, curly ears. She was the favorite of the parlor. Then a venerable old greyhound, wagging his tail, came out to join the party as he saw them going by his quarters. He was cheered by Scott with a hearty, kind word, as an old friend and comrade.

In his walks, Scott would often stop to talk to one or another of his four-footed friends, as if they were in fact rational companions; and from being talked to, and treated in this way, they really seemed to acquire more intelligence than other dogs.

Scott's four-footed friends made a respectful part of the company at family meals. Old Maida took his seat gravely at his master's elbow, looking up wistfully into his eyes, while Finette, the pet spaniel, took her seat by Mrs. Scott. Besides the dogs in attendance, a large gray cat also took her seat near her master, and was presented, from time to time, with bits from the table.

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Puss, it appears, was a great favorite both with master and mistress, and slept in their room at night. She was a sort of queen among the quadrupeds, sitting in Scott's arm-chair beside the door, as if to review her subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff on the ears as he went by. This clapper-clawing was always amiably taken. Perfect harmony prevailed between Puss and her subjects, and they would all sleep contentedly in the sunshine.

Scott once said that the only trouble about having a dog was, that he must die; but he said it was better to have dogs die in eight or nine years, than to go on loving them for twenty or thirty, and then have them die.

---

2. DOGS GREAT AND SMALL.

THERE was a great din and clatter, as if all the dogs in the country were together, when Mrs. Perry and her three children approached the Madison Square Garden to visit the dog-show.

"I'm afraid to go in, mamma," said little Ruth, "the dogs will surely bite when they bark so loud."

"I'm not afraid of them," blustered her brother Joel, as if he were very brave. "Don't be such a little coward, Ruth."

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"Of course you're not afraid of them," cried Dora, coming to the defense of her little sister. Why should you be? Brave boy! You know the dogs are all chained, and couldn't bite you if they wanted to. But if they were let loose you would be as much of a coward as Ruth."

"Dora is right," said Mrs. Perry, holding fast the hand of the little girl. "You need not fear, Ruth. The dogs are all confined; and if they were not, they would not hurt you. They are well-bred dogs. Besides, barking dogs never bite, you know. They are barking, not because they are cross, but because they are happy. Barking is the way dogs talk and sing. Come, let us hurry on."

As they passed into the garden they saw two dogs, each being led to his cage. One was a huge Newfoundland, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, and the other was a toy-terrier, of not more than four pounds' weight. The two met. The giant kissed the dwarf, as dogs do, on his tiny nose, and wagged his great curled tail in delight, as much as to say: "You are a wonderfully insignificant fellow, but I like you all the same, because you are my cousin."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Perry, "it is just as Mrs. Miller says in her book. The dogs, great and small, all know one another as dogs, and love each other."

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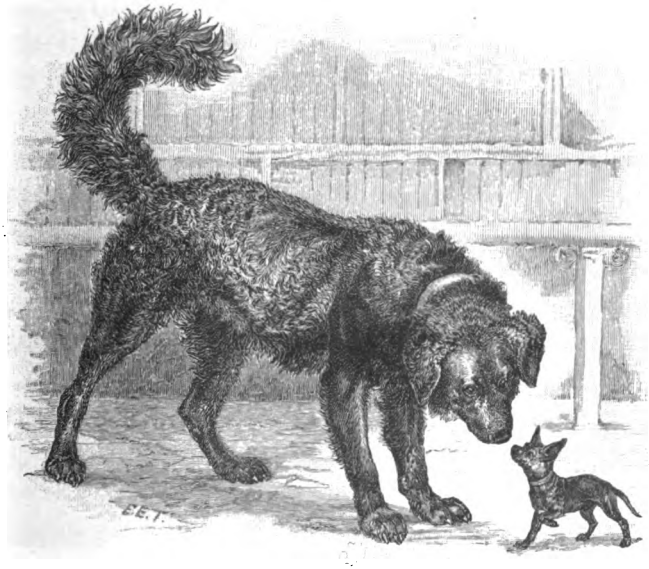
They proceeded along the rows of benches upon which were the noisy pets, all arranged according to their general likenesses. And these are some of the different kinds of dogs they saw:

First, there were the wolf-dogs, including the Newfoundland, the Esquimo, the Collie, and the Spitz.



Newfoundland and Toy-Terrier.

The most human of all the dog-kind is the Newfoundland. He is large, and is two and a half feet high. He is the favorite of the children, for he loves them. Some dogs hunt birds; others chase the fox; still others dig for vermin

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and catch rats; but the strong passion of the Newfoundland is to guard and to save human life. If he runs long on the ground his feet become sore. He is a good swimmer, and his feet, like those of the duck, are slightly webbed. Frequently, through the rough waves, he has carried ropes from a sinking ship to the shore; and in this way has saved many lives.

The collie is the most intelligent of all dogs. He shows what human cultivation can do to improve a brute. He can not easily learn a trick. He will not hunt wild game. One thing only can he do well, and that is to care for sheep. Through so many generations has his kind been kept with sheep, that the collie has lost his scent for other animals. His abundant coat, of mixed yellow and black hair, with some patches of white, protects him against cold and storm.

When the collie is a pup, it is separated by the Scottish shepherd from its mother, and is kept in the sheep-pen, where it is suckled by a ewe. Brought up in this way, it loves only its master and the friendly sheep When grown, it comes home, occasionally, for food, and then at once returns to the flock. In this country the collie is used for herding cattle as well as sheep.

The spitz dog is from Pomerania, though originally, perhaps, from Spitzbergen. In form he resembles the collie. He wears a long, white

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coat with a ruffle about his neck. He is sometimes snappish and subject to unpleasant fits.

The Esquimo dog, nearly as large as the Newfoundland, strongly resembles the spitz, and is quite like the wolf of his native country. He howls but does not bark. Sometimes he hunts the bear; but his chief employment is to draw the sledge of his master. Dr. Kane tells of a team of six of these Northern dogs which drew him, on a loaded sledge, nearly eight hundred miles in a fortnight, or about sixty miles a day.

The greyhound, as we see him, stands alone, and represents the oldest distinct breed of dogs known. His graceful form was carved on Egyptian monuments three thousand years ago. So long trained to chase the hare and the deer by sight, the greyhound has lost his scent. He is the swiftest of all dogs.

The small Italian greyhound is his little cousin, and is one of the prettiest of house pets.

PART 2.

THE next group met in the dog-show was the spaniels, including the retrievers and setters. It is many hundred years since the spaniel brought his silky, curly, liver-colored coat, and his large, drooping ears from Spain to England.

All spaniels are docile, love their human friends,

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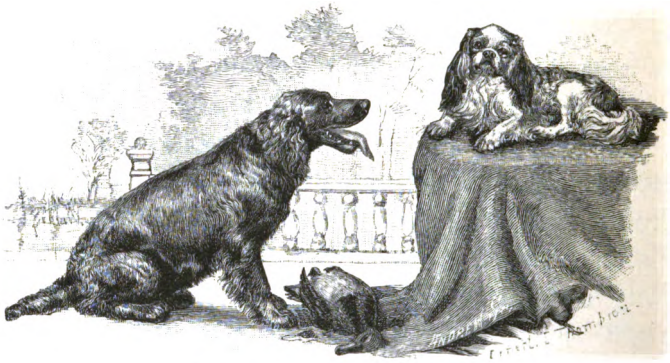
and are fond of the water. The pets of King Charles II of England were toy-spaniels, and weighed only five pounds each. Poodles belong to the spaniel group. With their bright eyes buried under thick, curly hair, they follow the baby-carriage, or dance, tell cards, climb ladders, and ride ponies in the side show.



Cocker and King Charles Spaniels.

Most animals that catch other animals, pause for a moment before springing upon their prey. The setter has been trained to make this pause long enough to allow the sportsman to come up and get ready to shoot, before the birds are started, or "flushed." This act, so picturesque, is called "pointing." English setters are nearly white, or are spotted; Irish setters are red; and Scotch setters are black and tan.

The Perry children thought the bloodhounds

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bore a ferocious name, but a very intelligent face. Their scent is so keen that they can track a particular man through any number of tracks of other men or animals. The staghound, or deer-hound, has a rough coat. The fox-hound is the aristocratic dog of England. Of the fox-hounds, family records have been kept during more than a hundred and fifty years.

The beagle is smaller than the fox-hound, and is used for hunting the hare. The spotted hound, or coach-dog that comes from Dalmatia is not inclined to hunt, but prefers the company of horses and carriages. The pointer is a beautiful, smooth-haired bird-hound, originally from Spain. He points his game as the setter does.

The mastiff group includes the bull-dog, who shows his character in his head. There was formerly in England a barbarous and cruel sport called "bull-baiting," in which dogs were trained to attack a fierce bull and hold him by the nose. This practice gave the bull-dog his name. Once having got his grip, it is hard to make him let go.

Bull-dog.

A very different disposition has the rough-coated St. Bernard. Though much like the New-

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foundland in form, he is regarded as a mastiff. When he is adorned with a robe of long, curly, buff-colored hair, he is much admired. When, in the Alps, his friends the monks go out in search of the bewildered and lost traveler, the dog runs before them, clearing away the snow, and raising a deep, loud bark, which is pleasant music to the perishing.

The Romans, when they conquered the island of Britain, were so highly pleased with the dogs they found there, that they appointed an officer whose business it was to collect these fine mastiffs and send them to Rome. Here they were made to fight wild animals in the amphitheater.

The English mastiff is very large. His coat of smooth, yellow hair trimmed with black makes him attractive. He is kind to the children and the household to which he belongs, but severe to the trespasser. His cousin, the bull-dog, seizes his victim in silence. The mastiff gives one deep bark, as if to say, "Look out, I am here!" The monstrous little pug is a mastiff, and is regarded as most beautiful when he is ugliest.

The restless, pattering, jumping, dancing, digging little terrier shows how each kind of dog is born to its work.

The spaniel and the hound scent the duck and the fox, but care nothing for the rat. The terrier rejoices even in a rat-hole; likes nothing

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Mastiff and Pug.

better than to fasten his teeth in the body of a frightened rat; and bounds at the mention of the word "rats."

The color of the English terrier is black and tan. His tail is much like that of a rat. The Scotch terrier has a short, rough, dirt-colored coat. The Skye terrier has short legs, a long body, and is covered with long, light-brown hair, which often entirely covers his eyes. If the hair is cut away, the eyes become weak.

All terriers, as their name indicates, are earth-diggers. The fox terrier, nearly all white, is the most desperate digger of all. Wherever he is allowed to roam, not a rat, nor a rabbit, nor a woodchuck can hope to have any peace.

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3. REMARKABLE DOINGS OF DOGS.

Dogs often bury bones or other food for future use. In performing this act, a common dog in West Virginia proved either that he was tender-hearted, or that he was cunning and liked a little fun.

Fox Terrier and Fox-hound.

One day he was holding a living rabbit in his mouth, while with his feet he dug a pit. When he had finished the hole, he pressed the unwilling victim into it, covered it as quickly as he could, and, patting the dirt with his paws, went away a short distance, and lay down to watch the result.

Presently, bunny thinking that it was both improper for him to be buried alive and safe to make his escape, jumped up and started off on a run. Towser soon caught him, and buried him again. Three times did the poor little fellow res-

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urrect himself, and each time the dog caught and buried him. On the fourth trial, however, the dog thought bunny would lie more quietly if he were dead. He then shook the life out of him, and buried him with success.

"One morning," says a writer in the *Animal World*, "I was surprised to find that my dog had five pups, three of which were nearly exhausted from cold. I carried them into the house, and the mother followed me, evidently wondering what I was about to do with her offspring. By the aid of warm flannel, two of the little creatures soon showed signs of active life; but the third died, and I threw it out on a heap of rubbish.

"Two days afterward, I gave the mother-dog a run, when, on passing the heap of rubbish, she stood still for a moment, scented the air, and bounded to the ash-heap.

"Little thinking what she was after, I called her several times, but to no purpose. Finally she came, bringing the dead pup in her mouth. After allowing me a sight of it, she started off in the direction of the house, where she went to the hearth, and laid the pup carefully by the fire.

"Then she tugged at my trouser-leg, ran to her lifeless young, and taking it in her mouth, held it up and looked at it, as if she would say,

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'You took the others and brought them to life; please do the same to this.'"

A Skye terrier, owned by a gentleman in Baltimore, proved one day that it could feel ashamed of a dishonest act. The master had always treated the terrier well; in fact, it had never been punished.

On the occasion referred to, the gentleman was at his table. Near the edge of the table the Skye saw a cutlet, and yielded to the temptation to steal the meat. The cutlet was slyly seized and taken under the sofa. The gentleman pretended not to see the theft. But the conscience of the little dog soon got the better of its hunger. It brought the cutlet back, laid it at the feet of its master, hung its head in shame, and slunk away.

Skye Terrier.

PART 2.

A SMALL terrier fell from the wharf in San Francisco into the bay. He could not get up the high wall of the wharf, neither could any one of the crowd that gathered reach him, and he swam about in despair. Just at the moment

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when all hopes of saving him were given up, the bark of a dog attracted attention, when there appeared a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and, with a low wail, ran to and fro along the wharf. Then, to the surprise of every one present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier, seizing him by the neck with his teeth. After swimming about for some time, he discovered a low place where he could land, about a hundred yards distant. For this point he headed.

When he reached his destination, the admiring crowd started on a run toward the rescuer. Upon landing his precious burden on the shore, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done.

It was some time before the terrier was able to walk away. One of those who saw the strange sight took a handkerchief from his pocket, and tied it about the neck of the Newfoundland, saying: "This dog is mine, and I would not take a thousand dollars for him at this moment."

Carlo belonged to a farmer in Connecticut. It was a common practice for the farmer's wife to send dinner by him to the men who were at work about a mile from the house. On one occasion two of the men, after cutting wood on one side of the mountain, went over to the other side. Carlo found an ax, which he seemed to think they had

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left by mistake, and carried it home, a distance of half a mile or more. Carlo would lead a horse by a halter. He knew different tools by their names. He knew a few families, also, by their names. One day the farmer, holding in his hand a letter, remarked, "I wish Mrs. Blank could see this." Carlo, unbidden, came forward, took the letter in his mouth, and carrying it past several houses, took it to the house of the person named and presented it to her.

In a remote corner of Texas there lived a lonely pioneer. He had a considerable flock of sheep which his collie, every morning, helped him to drive to pasture. The man sickened, and finally died. In the morning the dog came for him, whined and sniffed at the door of the cabin, but no one opened. Remembering his duty, the faithful creature drove the sheep to pasture, tended them, and drove them back at evening. This he did morning and evening for two years.

Herdsmen passing by thought the flock had only been left with the dog for a short time. Shepherds often leave their flocks in this way. At length, some settlers came into that region, and found the flock grown to a large one, still under the charge of the collie. Apparently, every time he had needed food, he seized the last of the flock to enter the fold or corral, killed it, and ate it as he required.

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4. TWO CLEVER DOGS.

HERE is, in substance, an account of the remarkable travels of Mac, as given in 1887 by the *Courant-Times* of Hartford, Connecticut. The story has been tested by many persons and may be trusted as true. By the aid of a map of Connecticut any reader may trace the movements of the dog.

Spitz and Collie.

Frequent travelers on the Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad have noticed a handsome shepherd dog in the baggage-car of certain trains. It is quite unusual for a collie to enjoy riding. Few are aware, however, that the dog is a regular and almost daily passenger on this road. He answers to the name Mac, and is owned by a lady in Falls Village, Litchfield county. Through some kindness which the train men have shown him, he has become strongly

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attached to them, and this fondness is fully returned by each and every one of the men.

Mac turns out nearly every morning and jumps on board the train leaving Falls Village at ten minutes before six. At Great Barrington, Massachusetts, he leaves this train and awaits the down-train which makes close connection at Canaan with the Hartford and Connecticut Western train coming east. Here he boards the Hartford train and rides as far as Collinsville. The eastward and westward trains meet here, and he takes the return train for Canaan, reaching Falls Village by seven o'clock in the evening.

If, by any chance, the eastward trip is made in the afternoon instead of the morning, he fully understands that he must transfer himself to the west-bound train at New Hartford instead of Collinsville. He sometimes alights temporarily at Winsted, and becomes so deeply interested in what is going on about him as to get left; but he always overtakes his train at East Winsted, nearly half a mile away. His friends on the train provide him with food.

He makes all his transfers entirely of his own accord, and appears to understand fully where all trains meet, and also where and when the different connections are made. On Tuesday last he made his usual morning trip on conductor Hook's train, but on reaching Collinsville, where

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he usually changes cars, he evidently decided to visit the city, and continued on to Hartford.

On the return trip in the afternoon he stood, as is his custom, in the side door of the baggage-car, and as the train swung with great rapidity around a curve near Hoskin's Station, he fell from the car, laming, but not seriously injuring him. It was the last train for Canaan that night, but he made his way to Simsbury and boarded the first train west on Wednesday. On Thursday he commenced his trips again as usual.

PART 2.

DEMO is the name of another wise dog. In answer to an inquiry about him, his owner writes that the sketch from the *Cromwell Record* here given does not "tell one tenth of the wonderful things that Demo has done. He treats us to some fresh exhibition of sagacity or human intelligence every day."

Demo is owned by Colonel Newton, of Cromwell, Middlesex county, Connecticut. He is a mixture of two very distinct kinds of dogs, the Esquimo and the Irish setter.

It is his duty to go twice a day to the railroad station for morning and evening papers. The train bringing the *New York World* reaches Cromwell at nine o'clock in the morning, and

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the train bringing the *Hartford Times* arrives at half past four in the afternoon.

Demo goes of his own accord, is always on time, and waits about where the baggage-car is to stop—in the morning at one place, and in the evening at another. There he waits until the bundle of papers is thrown off and opened by the station-master, when he takes his paper in his mouth and immediately starts for home.

If the weather is rainy, he has a piece of oil-skin, which is kept in a place where he can get it himself; and of his own accord he carries this with him. The station-master wraps it around the paper before giving it to him, in order that the paper may not get wet. On his return home, the dog puts the oil-skin away in its place for the next rainy day.

The dog actually knows the paper he wants. That is, in the morning, when he goes for the *World*, he will take no other paper, and in the afternoon, nothing but the *Times* will answer. He has been repeatedly tried with the *Tribune*, *Sun*, and *Herald*, but to no purpose. At such times he will growl, and no paper will he touch until he is given the one he went after.

One morning when he went for the *World* somebody tried to fool him by giving him a copy of the Hartford *Times* of the previous day, but it was of no use; he had not come for the *Times*,

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and would not touch it. It is the same way in the afternoon; he won't look at a *Post* or at any thing but a *Times*.

Well, one day Demo was fooled. In opening the bundle of *Worlds*, the station-master slipped out of his pocket one that was two days old and handed it to the dog. Demo took it in his mouth and started for home. Arriving there he took it to his master, and was rewarded by a pat on the head and a kind word.

Colonel Newton put on his spectacles and began to read. Of course he at once discovered the trick, although at the time he thought it was only an error. Calling Demo to him he told him to take the paper back, and reproved him for making the mistake. I don't know what he said to him, but the dog seemed to understand it, for he hung his head and looked really ashamed.

In a short time he was at the station again with the old *World* in his mouth. Going up to the agent, he laid the paper at his feet, and looking up into his face, gave a short and very decided bark, as much as to say: "Give me the right paper, and do it now." He was offered a *World* that was a day old, but, after sniffing at it for a moment, refused to take it; and not until he was given a paper of that date would he accept any.

Colonel Newton, naturally enough, values

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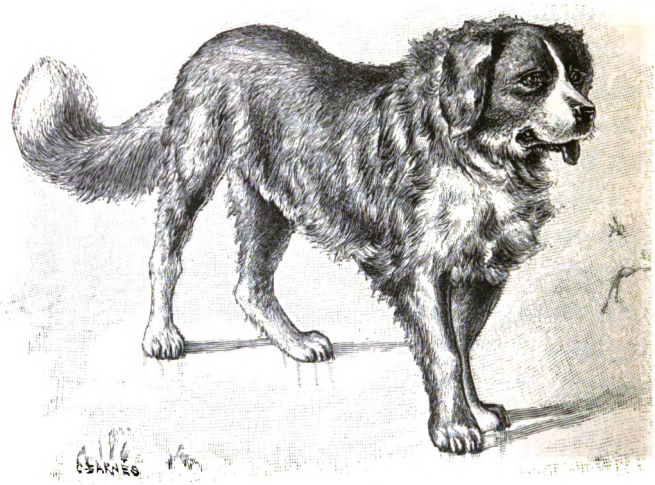
Demo beyond price, having received him from a friend in Kentucky who owns both the father and mother of this wonderful animal.



5. THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

ONE stormy night, upon the Alps,
A traveler, weak and old,
Walked sadly on through ice and snow,
And shivered with the cold.

His eyes were dim with weariness,
His steps were short and slow;
At length he laid him down to sleep
Upon a bed of snow.

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Before he closed his aching eyes,
He heard a cheerful bark;
A faithful dog was at his side
To guide him through the dark.

And soon beside the fire he stood,
And earnestly he prayed
For those who trained that noble dog,
And sent him to his aid.

---

6. "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

THE great Cuvier, who gave his life to the study of animals, said of the home dog, that he is the "completest, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by man." His actions and habits show this. When the dog meets his master, he jumps for joy, wags his tail, lowers his ears, licks his master's hands, and even crouches and rolls on his back.

Wolves, jackals, and the dogs of savage men carry their ears erect, so as to catch the sounds which come from their prey or from their enemies. When the dog began to trust the man, to love him, and in turn to be trusted and loved by his master, then his ears began to droop, for he needed them less than when he was wild.

It is thought, too, that the caresses of the

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household, and the smoothing of his head by the soft hands of children had something to do with making the dog's ears hang down. The first appearance of pendulous ears on dogs was in the time of the Roman Empire, about two thousand years ago.

Nearly a thousand years ago, a good monk named St. Bernard, lived alone, with a few companions, in a wooded, wild, and gloomy valley. He loved nature, and found teachers in trees and stones. Dogs became his near friends, and he used to say: "He who loves me, loves my dog." From associating with such men, dogs became noble and self-sacrificing.

Dogs take their character, a good deal, from their masters, and from the households in which they are bred, as the page takes its impressions from the type. Good treatment makes good dogs. The Egyptians even worshiped the dog. Their dog was the elegant greyhound. The Greeks and Romans set great value on their dogs. When Corinth was besieged, while the garrison slept, the city was said to be saved by the war-dogs. Fifty of them, of their own accord, drove back the enemy, killing all except one.

But the dogs of the American Indians are mean creatures; and those of India, called pariahs, are miserable curs and cowards. This is because these races of dogs have always been

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ill-treated and despised. The pariahs are never fed, and must steal. They roam at large, and have no particular masters.

Such dogs found their way among the Hebrews, and hence the Bible history represents dogs as despised. What was good for nothing was thrown to the dogs. And when a man spurned a mean act, he would say: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" The Esquimo never speaks kindly to his dog, and sometimes, when hungry, the dog turns on his master.

Where did our home dogs come from? What sort of animals were their wild parents? These questions, which the Perry children asked, it is not easy to answer with certainty; though it is not difficult to see how the taming of dogs might have happened. Wolves and jackals are social animals, and hunt in packs. How natural it would have been, far back in the dim ages, for such animals and savage men to find that they were chasing the same deer, and when they had caught it, to share their game; and thus, gradually, to become friends.

There are some other questions about dogs which may be answered: How many teeth has the dog in his two jaws? What are his canine teeth? How many toes has he on his fore feet, and how many on his hind feet? What are the

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dew-claws which some dogs have? And why is it that a dog can be heard when he trots over a bare floor, and the steps of a cat, on the same floor, can not be heard?

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7. WILD, BUT DOG-LIKE.

If the eyes are open, and the mind looks through the eyes, it is easy to discover, among wild animals, those that are like the dog both in form and in habits of life. The foxes,—the red and gray foxes of America, and the common fox of Europe,—look like dogs, though their noses are much longer and sharper.

To the foxes add the large gray wolf of America, the coyote or prairie-wolf of the Rocky Mountains, the dingo of Australia, and the jackal of Asia and Africa. These, and many others, are dog-like.

In size, the red fox, which is the largest of his tribe, may be compared to the common spaniel dog. The jackal and dingo may stand by the shepherd dog; the coyote by the setter; and the gray wolf by the Newfoundland. Their cubs, or puppies, number five or six in a litter, and, like tame puppies, do not open their eyes until they are ten days old. As they grow they play, scuffle, and run around after their tails.

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Coyote or Prairie-wolf.

All these wild dogs have rough coats and bushy tails. The tame dog uses his tail to express his feelings. He laughs and mourns partly by his tail. He wags it when he is pleased, and he drops it, and often curls it between his legs when he is frightened or ashamed. Among the wild dogs, foxes, jackals, dingoes, and coyotes have been seen, when in a happy state of mind, to wag their tails.

The wild dogs are beasts of prey. They live chiefly on the flesh of animals which they catch. Deer, antelopes, sheep, lambs, hares, rabbits, field-mice, birds, and poultry are their unfortunate victims. In every respect they are made for the life they lead. Their tools are fitted to their work—which is to defend themselves, and to catch, kill, and eat.

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Watch the horse when he eats his oats, or the cow and the camel when they chew their cud. Their jaws work sideways, as well as up and down, because they must grind their food. Then observe the dog, or the wolf, or the hyena, while they are eating. Their jaws work up and down; never sideways. Raw meat is easily digested. It needs no grinding, and as soon as a mouthful is taken it is swallowed.

But the meat which dog-like animals eat must be cut; and, if it is alive and running, it must be caught. Not by climbing trees, nor by crouching and springing upon it do the wild dogs catch their prey, but by chasing it, running it down, and seizing it with their teeth. Their claws are not sharp enough, nor are they sufficiently hooked to hold a jumping, jerking rabbit, or to cling to a tree; but they are well fitted to dig with, and to keep their owners from slipping.

The teeth of the wild dogs seize, hold, and cut up their game. In the front part of their two jaws are twelve sharp cutting-teeth. Next are four long canine teeth, which pierce and hold a struggling victim. Back of these are twenty-six teeth used for tearing, for cutting like scissors, and for chewing large pieces in two. Remembering the sad fate of Little Red Riding Hood, it will not be desirable to feel in the mouth of a wolf to count his teeth. Any tame

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Bruno, Carlo, Jack, or Jip will permit friendly little fingers to feel of the teeth, and to count them if the work is done quickly.

To catch game by chasing it, the wild dogs use both speed and cunning. The fables teach how sly the fox is. Foxes usually hunt in pairs.

Gray Wolf.

Wolves and jackals hunt in packs. Wolves will distribute themselves in a circle around a herd of deer; or a part of the pack will hide in a hollow place in the ground, while their companions drive the herd toward them. They cut the hamstrings of cattle when they chase them, but they never venture to do so with horses, for they well know what horses' heels can do.

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All wild dogs are cowards. Only in companies do wolves dare to attack men, or strong beasts like buffaloes. Jackals and dingoes seldom annoy human beings. Jackals, called in the Bible foxes, prefer to prowl at night, and to find the prey which other beasts have killed. In ancient times they hung about battle-fields, and fed upon the bodies of the slain. So David says of his enemies: "They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes."

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8. RENARD.

THIS name means cunning, and it was first used as the name of an animal, in a very old poem entitled "Renard the Fox." It is the right name for the fox, for he is cunning in his ways. He is the only one among the wild dogs that has his den in a burrow in the ground; and he is wise enough to avoid the trouble of digging the den. He often drives out of their holes the rabbit or the badger, and then occupies the apartments thus vacated.

Renard soon learns all about the trap which is placed to catch his foot. He knows when a trap is set, and when it is sprung; for he found out just how his companion came to get his foot in the trap. He proposes to escape a like fate.

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The bait is tempting and he means to secure it. But what shall be done about the trap which must be stepped upon to reach the bait? The jaws of the trap are spread wide open, and the slightest touch on a little pan between them will throw the jaws together, and then they will hold fast the nose or the foot that touches the pan.

"Stop!" says Renard to himself, "I've thought of a way in which I'll get the start of that old trapper. I'll dig under his trap and touch the pan from beneath. That will spring the trap and won't catch my foot." This he does, as the northern trappers say he has often done, and carries away the bait in triumph.

The trapper sees what has happened, and how Renard did it. "I will have you yet, old fellow," he says. Again he places the bait and the trap as before, except that, this time, he turns the trap upside down. Renard repeats his former trick. He digs under the trap as before; the jaws spring together, and alas! he is the trapper's prisoner at last.

Dr. Rae desired to catch some arctic foxes, which are beautiful little animals with pure white fur. He set several different traps for them, but caught none, because the cunning fellows had learned all about these devices. Then he fixed a trap which was entirely new to the foxes. It consisted of a loaded gun, set on a stand, and

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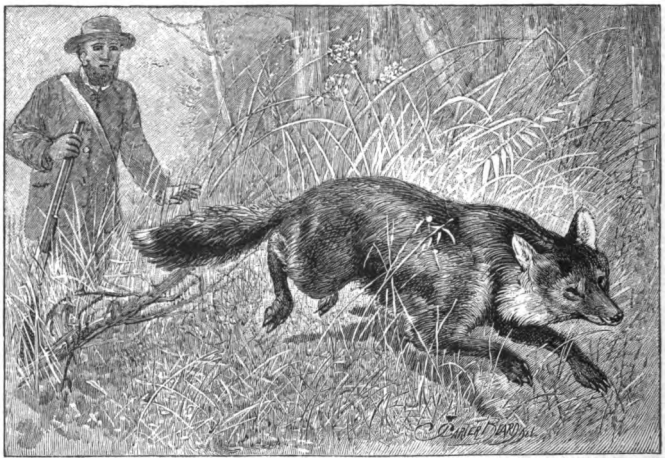

Red Fox.

pointed directly at the bait. A string, running under the snow about thirty yards, connected the trigger of the gun and the bait. Should the fox seize the bait, he would discharge the gun, and be sure to kill himself. This gun-trap killed one fox, but never a second. The crafty little rogues found the string under the snow, and carefully gnawing it in two, captured the bait without harm from the gun.

Two gentlemen in New Jersey went out to hunt rabbits. In a low, bushy swamp the dogs started a fox, and off they went in swift pursuit. After a chase of two miles, the fox entered a dense thicket, and, making a circuit of the place, returned to the point from which he started.

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Here one of the sportsmen shot at him, and the fox fell, apparently dead.

But he was not so dead as he seemed to be. As the hunter stooped to pick him up, instantly he rose upon his legs and escaped. For two hours and a half Renard practiced his wiles on the dogs in the thicket. But at last he was taken, carried home by the men, and thrown into a corner of the room. Now, surely, he seemed to be dead.

The family sat down to supper. Finding all busily engaged, the fox ventured to look about, and raised himself on his fore legs; but observing that he was watched, he again pretended to be dead. One of the party, to ascertain whether he really was alive, passed a piece of burning paper under his nose. Renard was still apparently as senseless as a stone. However, he found that his cunning would not secure his freedom, and he submitted with grace to his fate. The next morning he was as well as ever, excepting a slight wound on his shoulder.

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9. SAMSON AND THE FOXES.

When Samson, in his anger, undertook to punish the Philistines, he gathered three hundred foxes. These animals were jackals; not the

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"little foxes that spoil the vines." The way Samson made them serve his purpose, though cruel, was very ingenious. He wanted to burn the wheat-fields of the Philistines, and he meant the jackals should carry the fire.

Of course, with fire-brands tied to their tails, they would run as fast as they could; for all animals are afraid of fire; even the lion will run from it. Foxes and jackals, when frightened, start directly for their homes. Samson, without doubt, knew this, and concluded that if he let them loose singly, each would run straight to his den. He therefore first tied their tails together, so that each would pull the other away from his den, and they would rush for the corn-field as the nearest refuge. Then to the tails, so connected, he attached the fire-brands.

Jackal.

O what a whining and howling must have gone out from the throats of the three hundred frantic jackals, as they went scattering and pulling, wheeling and whisking, with flaming tails, through the standing corn! Samson may have rejoiced in his revenge, but the poor jackals! how did they feel, when, burned asunder, fright-

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ened to distraction, and with singed and sore tails they went hurrying to their dens?

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10. THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!

But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;

There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!

With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:

Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

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Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care

For the plaudits of the crowd?
Overhappy to be proud,
Overwealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

II. VELVET PAWS AND COVERED CLAWS.

SOFTLY, slyly, modestly, when the morning comes and the door is opened, she glides into the room on her velvet paws. She was at work while others slept; now she will sleep while others work. The night was chilly, but she does n't mind the cold. The hearth is hot, but she likes the heat. She intends to seek a place warm enough to toast her through, but not hot enough to scorch her. There she will lie down, curl up, put up her nose, and have a royal sleep.

Cat's Paw Slightly Reduced.

First, however, she must rub against her mistress's dress, and sing a thrumming tune, just to

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show that she is still a friend. As for a moment she sits down to meditate, reach for one of those velvet paws. She pulls it away from you. Puss is choice of the tools she hides in her paws. Presently she wants to stretch. She bends down her back, spreads out her fore feet, and scratches the floor. Now they are all out,—the sharp, hooked claws, which she draws back again each into its little sheath.

And this is why she moves so still. She steps on her toes. If her claws, like those of the dog, were exposed, their keen points would wear off, and they would rattle as they strike the floor. But when they are drawn back into their covers, nothing hits the floor but the soft cushions under the claws.

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Why must she be so careful of her claws? Because they help her to escape from danger, and assist her in catching her prey. When a dog gets after Puss she must dart up a tree, or climb to the top of a wall or fence, because she can not run so fast as her pursuer. Neither can she catch her game by running. To creep up to it without being heard, she must cover her claws. To seize and hold it fast when she springs upon it, she must uncover and throw out her claws.

Eye Contracted.

As Puss sits down and looks up and winks to her human friends, how dull her eyes appear. They were not so last night when the darkness was coming on. Then the pupils of her eyes widened out, and shone in the gloom like little moons. Now, when the glare of day touches them, the pupils contract, until only slits can be seen running up and down across the balls of her eyes.

Eye Dilated.

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Eyes that can see in the dark are more necessary to the cat than to the dog, because she uses the nose less than he, and she prowls by night. More than the dog, too, does she need to hear the sly movements of her prey. Her ears, therefore, are erect, so as to catch the sound. A certain Chinese cat alone has drooping ears. Black cats have yellow eyes. White cats have eyes either blue or of a greenish color. When the cat's eyes are blue, its ears are usually deaf.

PART 2.

THE cat has always been used by man to catch his mischievous pests. She can thrive by her own wits better than the dog can. Puss can go back to the woods and live like her wild ancestors if she wants to. The dog would starve if left to himself. Some cats catch mice only, while others catch rats, and take little notice of mice. Cats show less affection for persons than dogs do, though they usually remember the hands that feed and pet them. They love home, as their wild ancestors loved their dens or lairs. They nearly always bring home their game before they eat it.

There are several kinds of cats. The common tabby is striped or brindled. The tortoise-shell is sandy, or fawn spotted with black. The Car-

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thusian or Maltese has long, soft, bluish hair, black soles on the feet, and black lips. The Angora or Persian cat, the largest and gentlest of all, has long, white, or yellowish hair. The Malay cat has a short tail. The Manx cat, whose home is the Isle of Man, has no tail.

The tame cat was known in India, and was kept by the Egyptians more than two thousand years ago. The Egyptians worshiped this creature, partly because its eyes were like the sun. The ancient historian Herodotus said: "When a cat dies a natural death in a house, the Egyptians shave off their eyebrows; and, when a fire occurs, they are more anxious to save their cats than to put out the fire."

Angora Cat.

The word cat does not occur in the Bible. Puss did not pur in Jacob's tent, nor did she lie in the lap of Joseph and Benjamin when they were children. What then became of the Hebrew rats and mice? A splendid time they must have had.

But perhaps the Hebrews had no rats and mice. If so, it is easy to guess why. They lived in tents, and had no cellars or sewers. Or, if the rats troubled their corn, or mice nibbled

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their cheese, they may have used tame martens or weasels to catch them, as the Greeks did.

12. DID THE CAT COUNT FOUR?

My friend Mrs. Lyman lives in the country, and is a farmer's wife. She has no children, but possesses a number of pets. A canary hangs in the sunny window of the kitchen, and sings when the lady is at her housework. A large black and white dog, a hunter, eats his dinner from the same plate with Topsy the cat. The two lead peaceful lives, save now and then when the dinner is scanty. Topsy will give Mac a sharp pat with her claws if he takes the last mouthful.

Behind the little farm-house rises a wooded hill, and across the road is a grove of pines. The dog and the cat often go hunting in these woods, and, I am sorry to say, Topsy has become quite expert in catching birds and squirrels, when she craves meat.

Last summer, Topsy was the happy mother of four kittens, as charming a little family as a cat-mother could desire. When Mrs. Lyman saw them in their bed in the back chamber, the mother being absent, she took two of the kittens away, thinking that Topsy had not gone far

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enough in arithmetic to count four. She was, perhaps, mistaken.

When Topsy returned, she was very much disturbed at the loss of her two darlings. She suckled the remaining two, and then, leaving them asleep, went into the woods. When she returned, she brought with her two tiny new-born squirrels, and placed them in the bed beside the kittens, cuddling close to them, and suckling them as she did her own young.

In a week or two, one of the squirrels died, whether from grief at being taken from its own home in the woods, or from the new mode of treatment, I can not tell. But one grew up, and became a pet, not only of Topsy, but of the whole household.

Bunny did not care to go to the woods, but built herself a nest under one of the beams of the wood-shed, going very often to see Mother Topsy in the back chamber. There was a hole cut in the wall through which she came and went. She did not take to mice like her foster-sisters, nor could Mother Topsy teach her the art of mousing.

On the other hand, Topsy liked to catch squirrels as well as ever. She often killed them for her supper. Yet she watched over bunny with jealous care, and once, when the squirrel fell among some boards in the shed, and could not

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get out, Topsy pulled her out with her teeth, and carried her as tenderly as if she had never known squirrel meat. It was a very happy family—Mac, Topsy, the two kittens, the squirrel, and the canary.

But the question is, Did Topsy count four?

13. THE CAT'S WAYS.

SHE is not always soft and amiable. She can "spit" as well as pur. She can be trained to like the dog if the dog will treat her kindly, and then she may lie between his paws on the hearth. But should a hard-hearted dog attack her, she grows angry and looks ugly. She lays back her ears, shows her thirty sharp teeth, arches her back, and raises her tail and hair. And if Carlo does not let her alone, his cheeks will know what her velvet paws conceal.

Old Puss has a habit of playing with the mouse she has caught, before eating it. This performance seems to amuse her, as it certainly pleases the human spectators who behold it. To the poor mouse it is any thing but agreeable to be frightened and tossed in this way. If in this thoughtless sport Puss seems a little cruel, it is gratifying to know that she has better traits, and that she is truly kind and benevolent. Some

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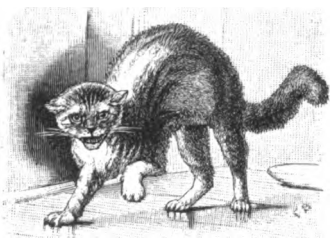
anecdotes told by trustworthy persons will illustrate her better nature:

"One day my house cat rushed into my room, having in her mouth a sparrow she had caught in the garden. Scarcely had Puss entered the room, when she set the bird free, quite likely for the purpose of playing with it, as cats play with mice before eating them. The sparrow, having one of its wings injured, could not get away by flying, but boldly attacked its enemy by planting fierce blows on her nose with its beak. The cat was astonished, and beat a retreat.



An Angry Cat.

"From that moment the two seemed to forget their natural instincts, and came to be fast friends. They ate, played, and slept together. Often the sparrow was carried about the house on the cat's back, or gently in her mouth. When feeding together, Puss never touched a morsel till her friend had first partaken. Many of my friends came to see the strange sight, and were amused at the way in which the friendly pair acted. One morning, the sparrow seeing the window open—its wings being in good order—took its flight, and I saw it no more."

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PART 2.

"A CAT, having had three out of her five kittens taken from her, was found, the next morning, to have replaced them by three young rats. These she suckled together with her own young. A few days afterwards, her other two kittens were taken from her, and, on the following day, she put in their place two more young rats, which she continued to nurse with the others. It was an interesting sight to see a cat cherishing the young of her natural prey. The cat was an excellent rat catcher, and this added still more interest to her strange conduct."

"Our cat was seen to take out some fish-bones from the house to the garden. Being followed, she was observed to place them in front of a strange cat, who was miserably thin, and who eagerly devoured them. Not satisfied with this one act of kindness, she returned to the house, got a fresh supply of food, and repeated her charity to the hungry guest, who seemed very grateful. When this was done, our cat went back to her customary dining place, ate the remaining fish-bones, and seemed to be satisfied and happy."

Puss is also wise and cunning. She can not learn to perform tricks as readily as the dog, but

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she does more shrewd things without being taught. In many instances cats have been seen pressing the thumb-piece of a door-latch so as to open the door. And Mr. Romanes says he has many times seen his coachman's cat, not only pressing down the thumb-piece with her fore paw, but pushing against the door-casing with her hind feet, so as to force the door open.

Mr. Mivart makes mention of a cat who had discovered an ingenious method of catching birds. She was in the habit of getting on a cow's back, and riding till the cow happened to approach her game. The birds little suspected what the inoffensive cow bore crouching on her back. The friend who witnessed this trick says that by this means the cat managed to catch birds which otherwise it would never have got.

A lady in Missouri owns a large and beautiful blue cat, less than a year old, who, without any instruction, has come to perform a number of tricks quite unusual for a cat. One very cunning thing he does is to ring a little chestnut, or joke-bell; and he frequently turns the laugh on his mistress by ringing the bell when she is telling some story about her cat.

When this cat is hungry for a mouse, he brings the trap to his mistress to be set, and then goes, frequently, to see if the desired mouse has been caught. When the cat finds the little prisoner

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behind the bars, he again takes the trap to some person who will let out the mouse for him. He makes no effort to catch mice in the ordinary way.

Family of Leopards.

14. PUSS'S COUNTRY COUSINS.

How do they look? Some of them may be seen in the menageries and in the zoological gardens. There are more than fifty kinds of them in their wild homes, but ten kinds are as many as we ever see. There is no doubt that they belong to the same great family with Puss.

They look like her, except that they are larger; their faces are not so cheerful as hers is, and they are not so quiet. They walk back and

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forth, and fret. Their confinement is not agreeable to them, however pleasant it may be to us to think they are behind those strong bars.

The keeper wisely cautions visitors not to go too near the cages. But sometimes a boy thinks he knows better than the keeper. He disobeys the rule, and is frightened or injured for his rash conduct.

A boy recently ventured within the guard-rail of the tiger's cage, when one of the animals struck him with his huge paws, lifted him from the floor, and held the screaming lad in his grasp until the keeper released him by a hard blow on the tiger's foot. The great sharp claws went through the boy's heavy coats and undergarments, and left marks in his skin.

After such an impressive lesson, the boy must have known that the tiger, like the tame cat, has sharp, retractile claws. So have the other nine sorts of cats. But to learn about these claws it is not necessary to be pinched or scratched by them.

The eyes, properly used, are sufficient, and they will prove that the wild cousins have cushioned paws, and legs, ears, tails, teeth, whiskers, and supple bodies, like those of Puss on the rug. A slight difference occurs in the eyes of some of them. The pupils of their eyes, when they contract, always appear round, and never draw

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into a slit, as is the case with Puss in the day-time.

Where are their native homes? The lion is at home in Africa and in southern Asia. He frequents the forest and the sandy plain. The tiger hides in the grassy jungles of India. The leopard and panther, which are the same animal, abound in tropical Asia, and in nearly the whole of Africa. The ounce is a northern leopard, and is found in Asia as far north as Siberia. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, lives in Africa and India. Its nose, legs, and feet, as well as its habits, are quite dog-like. The jaguar, called the American tiger, is found in southern Texas and South America. The ocelot's home is from Arkansas far into South America. It is called the tiger-cat.

The puma is the American or mountain lion. It is commonly called the panther. Cougar and painter are its other names. Like all the cats it is afraid of fire; and the hunter feels safe from its attacks when his camp is lighted by a blazing fire. The puma has lived in every part of this country before the land was settled, and still abides in the wilder regions. The wild cat is a native of Europe, and appears like the tame striped cat. A spotted or a red lynx, with pointed ears and short tail, is the common wild cat of our forests.

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Tiger's Foot. Claw Sheathed and Unsheathed.

PART 2.

How do the ten wild cousins live and act? Like Puss, they catch other animals for food. All of them, except the cheetah, step softly on their cushioned pads. Even the great tiger walks as quietly and with as little noise as a kitten. All, except the lion, tiger, and perhaps the cheetah, climb trees.

The cheetah in India is often tamed, and is used by the hunter to chase and catch the antelope. He is the only one of the wild cats that tries to catch its prey by running it down. The leopard likes monkeys when he can catch them. The American lion, or puma, springs upon the shoulders of a deer, draws back its head, and breaks its neck.

The other great cats leap from their hiding-

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places upon the backs or necks of deer, zebras, horses, cattle, and other large and harmless animals. The jaguar, lying flat upon the branch of a tree, springs upon the peccaries or wild pigs, kills one, and then leaps back upon the branch to wait until the rest of the herd, which might overpower him, has disappeared. Then he descends and eats his pig. The lion and tiger do not pur. The leopard, the puma, and the cheetah pur, and so, it is quite likely, do the smaller relatives of the home cat.

Puss may well be proud of her wild cousins; they are so large, handsome, and graceful, and one of them has the blood of royalty in his veins. Let us place these ten cats in a tapering row with Puss at the small end. She will measure, from nose to tail, twenty inches. Next above her will come the lynx, wild cat, and ocelot, all about two and a half feet long. After these little cats come the puma, leopard, cheetah, ounce, and jaguar; they are about four feet long and two feet high.

Now we reach the tiger, and then the lion; each ten feet long and three feet high. There is a wide contrast between little Puss mewing at the foot of the row, and the lion at its head, weighing five hundred pounds, showing his human face, shaking his lordly mane, and waking the echoes in the forest by the thunder of his

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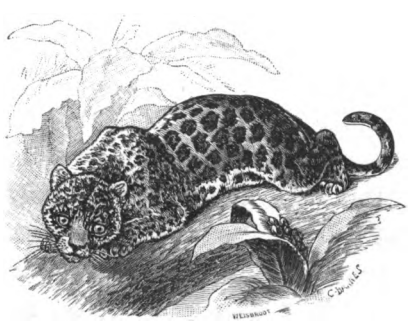
roar. Yet little Puss can beat him at catching a mouse or playing with the baby. Puss is "the lion of mice."

Now let us group the cousins according to the color of their coats. The animals confined in the cages are not so fine in appearance as are those which are free in their native homes. The African lion has an immense blackish mane. The color of the Asiatic lion and the American puma is tawny, or reddish-yellow. The rest of the ten are all either striped or spotted. The main color of their coats is nearly like that of the lion.



Jaguar.

The tiger wears black stripes around his body, legs, and tail. The leopard and jaguar have black spots made of small spots grouped in rosettes. Mark the difference between the two. The leopard's rosettes are scattered irregularly over the skin; the jaguar's run along the body in rows. The cheetah has round solid spots, and the ounce has dark rings. The ocelot has tiger-like stripes, but they are broken, and run lengthwise of the body. So the spotted cousins may easily be distinguished.

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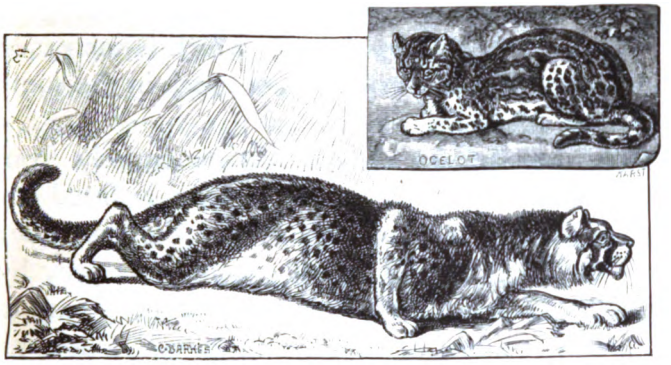

Cheetah and Ocelot.

The color of the cats is much like the objects about them, and for this reason helps to conceal them from the hunter, and from their prey, when they are lying in wait for it. The stripes of the tiger look like the shadows of the jungle-grass in which he lurks. The scattered spots of the leopard and jaguar resemble the shadow-spots of the leaves on the trees, where these cats are silently watching. So the tawny robe of the lion is like the sandy plain on which he crouches.

15. DOG-LIKE CATS.

Any careful observer who saw a cheetah for the first time, would notice the striking points of difference between it and the true cats. The

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shorter body, longer legs, and distinct nose, give it almost a dog's appearance, which is increased when the animal carries its tail much in the same manner as a dog.

The gait of the cheetah differs entirely from that of the cats, and its whole form is fitted for great speed. Indeed this is the only member of the group of cats which captures its prey by running it down. Its disposition when young is altogether more dog-like, and it will follow its master, whether on foot or on horseback, with much appearance of attachment. None of the tropical cats would submit to the handling necessary for training the cheetah to hunt.

The sport of hunting leopards by means of trained cheetahs has often been described. They are hooded, and are carried on a cart with a platform, from which they are let loose on approaching game. All writers are agreed about the immense speed shown by these animals when let loose at the game. To the hunters this part of the sport is very exciting.

The fleetest of antelopes rarely escape the rush of the cheetah which has once got a good sight of his game; and it has been said that a greyhound can not run upon a doe where a cheetah will most certainly pull it down. In some instances the animal shows its cat-like nature by crouching and dodging, or waiting for the

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game to cross its track. It is usually reluctant to renew the chase in case of failure.

Jerdon's description of the manners of his cheetah impresses one favorably with the docility of these dog-like cats. It played kindly with the dogs, followed him about on horseback, purred like a cat when fondled, and behaved admirably with human beings generally. When roused, however, the animal becomes as formidable an antagonist as any of the larger wild cats.

Hyenas.

The hyena is, in many respects, even more like a dog. The teeth are peculiar, the claws are not at all retractile, the head is roughly shaped, and the voice is a short bark like the laugh of a human being. Hyenas associate in packs, and dig up dead carcasses—habits that belong to the dog kind. They frequent burying-grounds and follow the track of travelers. No other flesh-eater is provided with so powerful a bone-mill in the jaws. It is an easy task for a

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hyena to break the largest bones of the horse to obtain his favorite tid-bit, the marrow.

The capacity for digesting bone, too, is astonishing. The keeper of the zoological gardens told me that he once threw six of the shank-bones of a sheep to a hyena, and the animal, instead of crushing them, tossed up his head and swallowed them whole, one after the other. After such a performance it is little wonder the man should remark: "I can't think how he could turn round with those things in him." However, the beast suffered no special inconvenience from his greediness.

All travelers agree in giving the hyena the character of a mean, cowardly beast, though very destructive to flocks when a pack makes a raid at night. Livingstone quaintly says: "His courage resembles that of a turkey-cock. He will bite if an animal is running away; but if the animal stands still, so does he."

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16. THE TIGER.

TIGER! tiger! burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

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In what distant deeps or skies
Burn'd the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil; what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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17. GIANT CATS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

THE lion, for a great many centuries, has been called the king of beasts. He looks like a king. No animal can roar as he can. Before powder

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was known or rifles were used, the lion was always a terror to the natives in their small villages.

The lion lives from thirty to forty years. In Algeria, a single lion will kill in a year a thousand dollars' worth of horses, cattle, and camels.

Family of Lions.

When he gets old, and his teeth and claws are worn so that he can no more throw down the antelope or zebra, he sometimes falls into catching and carrying away women and old men. He is then called a man-eater.

If the lion is king of beasts by what he seems to be, the tiger is king by what he is and does.

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The tiger is larger, stronger, and fiercer than the lion.

A great tiger, twelve years old, killed by Colonel Ramsey, measured as follows: His length was twelve feet; his tail three feet nine inches; his height at the shoulder three and a half feet. The measurement around his body was five and a quarter feet; around his fore leg two feet and ten inches; the length of his upper canine-teeth *three* inches. What a blow could be dealt by that fore leg, as large as a man's body, and tipped with five sharp claws each three inches long!

With their spears the natives kill the lion, but not the tiger. In a fight, the tiger overcomes the lion. He can spring thirty feet. He will kill an ox every five days. "He is the largest and most powerful of all existing cats."

Yet there are much smaller and weaker animals that conquer the giant cats. A gentleman writing from his thatched cottage, or bungalow, in Bengal, says: "Now I'll tell you a funny thing which happened about a hundred and fifty yards from my bungalow. A very large tiger had a fight with a wild pig, and which do you think won? Why, the pig. The tiger was found dead in the garden, with wounds all over him, ribs broken, and a severe gash in the shoulder."

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The giant cats live in families, some descriptions of which are quite interesting: "I once had the pleasure of seeing a lion family feeding. I was in Zululand. One evening, walking out about half a mile from camp, I saw a herd of zebras galloping before me. When they were about two hundred yards away, a yellow body flashed towards the leader, who fell beneath the lion's weight.

"There was a tall tree about sixty yards from the place. Anxious to see what went on, I walked to the tree and climbed it, while the lion was too much occupied to look about. By this time he had quite killed the beautiful striped animal, but instead of eating it, he got up and roared loudly until there was an answer.

"In a few minutes a lioness, with four whelps, came trotting up. She came from the same direction as the zebra, which, no doubt, she had gone to drive towards her husband. They formed a fine picture as they all stood round the carcass, the whelps tearing and biting it, but unable to get through the tough skin. Then the lion lay down.

"The lioness, driving her whelps before her, also lay down four or five yards off. Immediately the lion rose, and began to eat. As soon as he had finished a hind leg, he retired a few yards to one side. The lioness came up next,

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and tore the carcass to shreds, swallowing huge mouthfuls, but not objecting to the whelps eating as much as they could find.

"There was a good deal of snarling among these young lions, and occasionally a stand-up fight. But their mother did not take any notice of them, except to give them a smart blow with her paw, if they got in the way.

"Little was left of the zebra now but a few *bones*, which hundreds of vultures were circling round, waiting to pick up. The whole lion family walked quietly away, the lioness leading, and the lion, often turning to see if they were followed, bringing up the rear."

PART 2.

HERE is an account of another royal family: "Some years ago, an Englishman in India was waited on by some native villagers, and urged to kill a man-eating tigress, who had carried away from the village five grown persons and a child about ten years old. A few days afterward, he went to the village, prepared to comply with the request of the people, and found that an old woman had disappeared, leaving her bloody and tattered garments in the jungle.

"He ordered a platform to be built in a tree about thirty yards from the open glade; and,

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just after dark, an old cow was securely tethered in the open space. The gentleman, with his servant, mounted the platform to await the tiger. Twilight passed, and the moon rose, sending its beams across the glade, and fell on the open space where the old cow stood lowing, and little thinking that she was calling her enemy to supper.

"Hour after hour passed, and the watcher sat motionless and attentive, with his large rifle nicely balanced on a fork of the tree. The night was getting old, and the moonlight was passing away from the glade, when suddenly a tiger bounded noiselessly from cover, and crouched right in front of the cow.

"The tiger, in no hurry for supper, dashed at the frightened cow, and stopped short, then gamboled round like a kitten at play, jumping over the cow's back, and enjoying the struggles of the poor beast to break from her tether. The cow frequently put her head down to charge her enemy, but the tiger slipped out of the way like a snake.

"The reason for these cunning movements soon appeared. Two large cubs sneaked out of the jungle and came to their mother, to learn a lesson in the art of cow-killing. For some minutes more, the tigress continued to vex the cow for the benefit of the little monsters.

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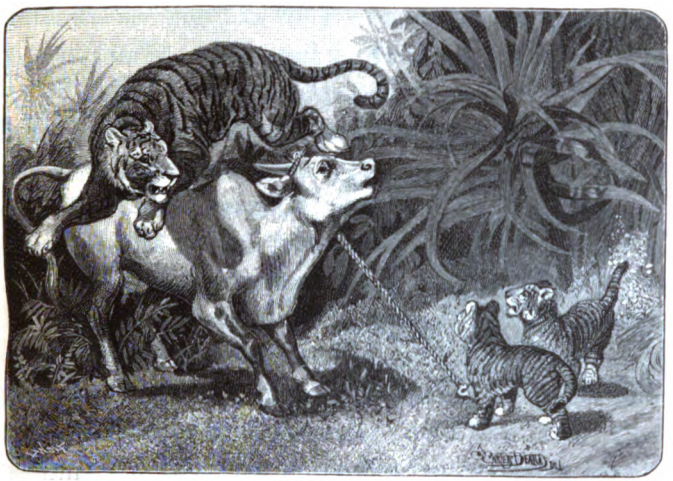

Tigress and Cubs.

"During the whole time, the tigress was so active that it was impossible to give her a successful shot. This the gentleman desired to do, that he might save the cow, and at the same time bag her enemy. When she was satisfied with the amusement, and with the instruction given to the cubs, the tigress suddenly crouched, and sprang upon the shoulder of the cow, bringing her to the ground.

"After a few moments of desperate struggling, the poor beast ceased to move. The tigress then quietly sat down, contemplating her victim with her back turned to the rifle in the tree. In an instant a large ball went crashing through her back and she was dead."

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18. RATS.

WHAT has happened in England has happened elsewhere: the Norway, or brown rat, has destroyed the original rat of the country. He has taken sole possession of every haunt and lurking-place where he can be warm and dry, and at the same time find food in abundance.

He has many enemies and few friends. Wherever he appears, his life is in danger from men, dogs, cats, and owls, who have no mercy on him. These constant persecutions make him cunning, and give his little sharp face a knowing and wide-awake appearance.

Though the poor creature is hated and killed by man, yet he is to that same ungrateful man a most useful servant. He quietly takes possession of out-houses and drains, and devours the refuse thrown from the dwellings of his master. This refuse, if left to decay, would create malaria, fever, and all kinds of horrors, were it not for the efforts of the rats to get rid of it by eating it.

The rat has four small, long, and very sharp teeth, two in the upper jaw, and two in the under jaw. They are formed in the shape of a wedge, and have always a very fine cutting edge. At the same time the teeth grow up from the

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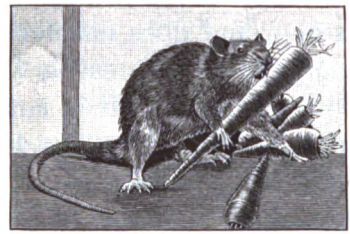
bottom, so that, as they wear away, a fresh supply is ready. The tail is to the rat a most useful member. It is composed of a chain of small bones, with muscles to move them, like the tails of some monkeys, and is a sort of a hand to the rat.



Brown Rat.

Rats have a wonderful instinct for finding out where there is any thing good; and it has often been wondered how they manage to get on board ships loaded with sugar and other good things. But they have been seen to come from the shore to the ship by means of the rope by which she is tied to the wharf. By the same means they leave the ship when she comes into port, if they find their quarters filling with water. Hence the saying that, "rats always leave a sinking ship," is perfectly true.

They are not selfish animals. Having found out where food is stored, they will kindly tell their friends and neighbors.

A rat always washes himself all over, after eating, just as a cat does, by licking the paws. A rat, though living among garbage, is always neat in person, and his teeth are always beautifully clean. When a rat eats, he gnaws away,

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by means of his sharp teeth, a mouthful, which he puts in a sort of pouch formed between his grinding teeth and his cheeks; then he stops gnawing and chews his food.

When a rat drinks, he laps up the fluid like a dog, and does not suck it up like a sheep. A rat generally tastes his food with his tongue before eating it. It is curious to see him asleep. It is as difficult to catch a rat asleep as it is a weasel. He coils himself into a ball, and places his nose between his hind legs. His tail is curled up around the outside of his body. He then looks like a mass of hair. No part of his body projects but his two delicate ears, which are beautifully adapted for catching the least sound.

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19. CUNNING RATS.

I KNEW a worthy whipmaker who worked hard at his trade to support a large family. He had prepared a number of strips of leather by oiling them. He carefully laid them away in a box, but, strange to say, they disappeared, one by one.

One day, as he was sitting at work in his shop, a large black rat slyly poked his head up out of a hole in the corner of the room, and calmly took a survey of the whole place. Seeing all

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quiet, out he came and ran straight for the box of leather straps. In he dived, and quickly re-appeared, carrying in his mouth the most dainty morsel he could find. Off he ran to his hole, and quickly vanished.

Having thus found out the thief, the saddler determined to catch him. He accordingly propped up a sieve with a stick, and put a bait underneath. In a few minutes out came the rat again, smelling the toasted cheese, and forthwith attacked it. The moment he began nibbling the bait, down came the sieve, and he became a prisoner.

The whipmaker lifted up the sieve, being armed with a stick ready to kill Mr. Rat when he rushed out. What was his astonishment to see that the rat remained perfectly quiet, and, after a few moments, walked up on his arm, and looked him in the face, as much as to say, "I am a poor, innocent rat, and if your wife will lock up all her good things in the cupboard, why, I must eat your nice straps; rats must live as well as whipmakers."

The man then said, "Tom, I was going to kill you, but now I won't; let us be friends. I'll put you some bread and butter every day if you will not take my straps and wax, and will leave the shopman's breakfast alone. But I am afraid you will come out once too often. There are lots

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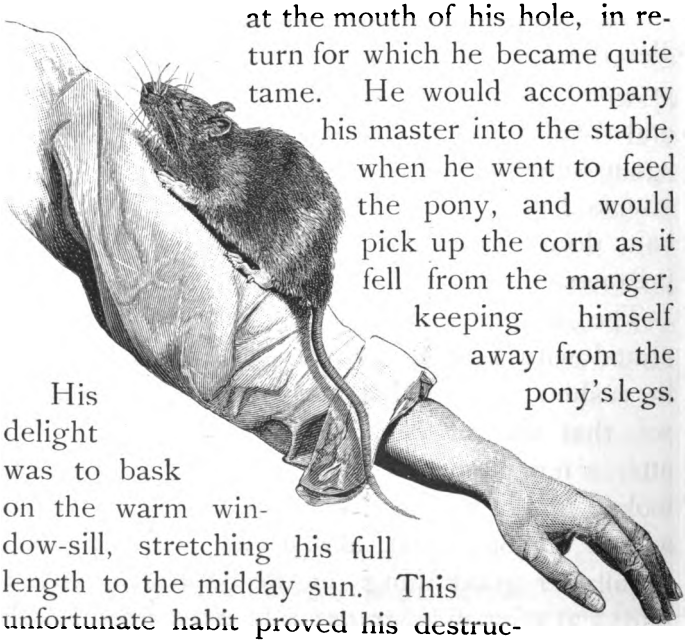
of dogs and cats about, who won't be so kind to you as I am; you may go now."

He then put him down, and Mr. Rat leisurely retreated to his hole. For a long time afterward, he found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole, in return for which he became quite tame. He would accompany his master into the stable, when he went to feed the pony, and would pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, keeping himself away from the pony's legs.



His delight was to bask on the warm window-sill, stretching his full length to the midday sun. This unfortunate habit proved his destruction; for one very hot day, as he lay at his ease, a dog belonging to the neighboring bird-shop espied him, and instantly dashed at him through the window. The poor rat, who was asleep at the time, awoke, alas! too late to save his life. The cruel dog caught him, and took him into the road where he soon finished him.

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20. THE RAT'S RELATIONS.

AMONG the numerous rat-like animals that have gnawing teeth are the mice that nibble the cheese, and the field-mice spoken of in the Bible as "the mice that mar the land." The rat is really a mouse, and his small cousin is a little mouse. Both have the same form. Their sharp claws, their ears, teeth, and whiskers with which they feel the sides of their holes, are all alike.

The mouse is affectionate, and likes everybody in the house except the dog, the cat, and those who are after its life. A German baron was once confined in a prison during ten years. His only companion was a mouse which he had tamed, and which became strongly attached to him. Having been taken from the baron, the mouse watched at the door, and when it was opened, crept in. Being again removed, it refused all food and died in a few days.

Mice are fond of music. An officer confined in the Bastile begged to be allowed to play his flute, to soothe his feelings by its melody. When playing on the instrument, he was much surprised to see a number of mice come frisking out of their holes, and many spiders letting themselves down by their webs. Whenever he ceased, they went away; and whenever he played again they

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came back. He soon had an audience amounting to a hundred mice and spiders.

Mice sometimes make music. A noted naturalist says: "I once had presented to me a mouse which was a great singer. Placing the cage in my bedroom, I turned off the gas and retired, but with grave doubts that it would favor me with a song. In a few moments, however, the little musician piped up, and sang very prettily.

"It was not squeaking, but singing in a high key, something like a weak-voiced canary bird. Listening for some time till I grew sleepy, I placed the *prima donna* in the next room, at least twenty feet from my bed, the door being open between. But even then the singing was loud enough to disturb me, and I had to carry the little creature down stairs before I could get sleep."

The common cotton-tail rabbit gnaws the fruit-trees, and burrows in the ground. It is sometimes caught by boys in apple-baited traps. A long string is fastened to the limb of a tree and dropped to the ground, having a slip-noose in the end. The limb is bent down and held by a figure four made of wood, and fastened to the ground. An apple is put on the long arm of the figure four, and just before it the noose is laid. When the rabbit begins to gnaw the apple,

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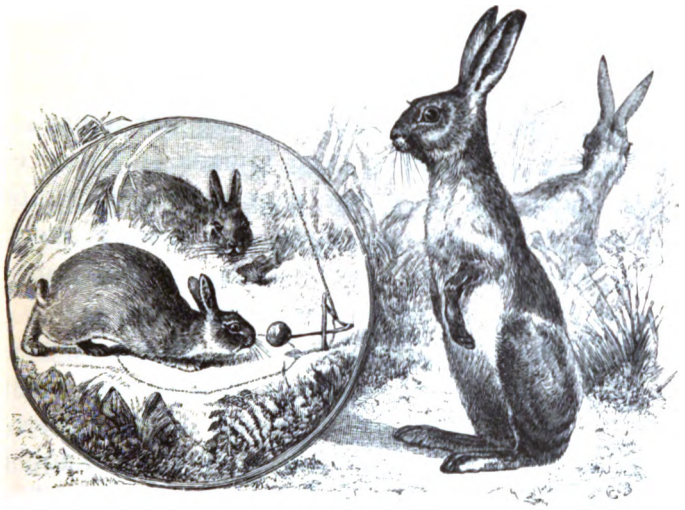

Rabbits and Hares.

the figure four falls in pieces, the limb springs up, and the noose catches the body of poor bunny and holds him a prisoner.

Hares are larger and longer than rabbits, have longer legs and ears, and do not burrow. They have a droll look when seen from behind, so much so that the large hares of the far west are called jackass-rabbits. Gophers are smaller than rabbits, and resemble more nearly the rat. They are the pests of north-western fields, in which they dig a multitude of holes, and nearly always dodge back into the holes before they can be shot. The gopher has a soft brown fur and is about eight inches long.

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PART 2.

THE guinea-pig is neither a pig nor a native of Guinea. It comes from Guiana. There is little about it like the rat, except its teeth. Its head is large for the body, its nose is very blunt, and its tail is a mere stump. Guinea-pigs are small, and are gentle, harmless pets.

The beaver weighs about fifty pounds, and is as large, though not so high as a spaniel dog. His feet, tail, and gnawing teeth are the tools with which he does his work. Beavers work in companies. They build houses or lodges above ground, and, for safety, make burrows under ground. The holes to these burrows must be under water where their enemies can not see them.

Guinea-pig.

For this reason they build dams, so as to keep the water always above the doors to their underground houses. The dam is made across a running stream. It is commenced by a single pair or family. It is then added to by others, from year to year, and lasts for centuries. Made of sticks and mud, it usually curves or arches upstream. In the autumn beavers lay up stores

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of wood for winter use. They can gnaw through trees a foot and a half in diameter.

Beavers work mostly by night. They often construct canals for floating sticks of wood to their lodges. This wood is used both for house-building and for food. One of the canals was found to be over five hundred feet long. In swimming, beavers use their tails as sculls, and their hind feet, which are webbed, for paddles. Their tails are also used for carrying stones and dirt.

Beavers.

In the squirrel family belong the gray, the black, and the red squirrels, flying squirrels, chipmunks, and woodchucks. These all have the rat's gnawing teeth, but they are tree climbers, and use their hands with great ease. A familiar object in the woods is the gray squirrel sitting on a branch, curling his tail over his back, and turning over and over in his handy paws a nut, and showing how his chisel teeth can cut through a hard shell.

The common squirrel makes long leaps from

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tree to tree, but the flying squirrel makes much longer jumps. A loose skin stretches out between its fore and hind feet on each side, so that when it springs into the air it sails like a parachute. It does not really fly.

The striped chipmunk, or ground squirrel, with his cheeks full of nuts he intends to gnaw, scuds along the lowest rail of the fence to his hole in the ground, or sits up holding his nut to his teeth. The woodchuck, or ground-hog, sometimes climbs a low bushy tree, though his house is in the ground. He is much larger than the gray squirrel. He sleeps like a bear, nearly all winter. In the early spring he comes out to see what the weather is. This event is said to happen on a certain day which is called "ground-hog-day," and by some people is thought to decide what the weather will be for the following six weeks.

Chipmunk.

Prairie-dogs build little villages of ground-houses, which are slightly raised mounds, with many holes for entrances leading to nests within. It was once thought that owls and rattlesnakes lived peaceably with the dogs in their houses, but this has been proved a mistake. The owl

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sometimes makes her nest in the hole which the dogs have abandoned, and the rattlesnake comes to get the eggs of the owl, while the owl watches for a meal of young snakes. Prairie-dogs gnaw roots and herbs, and sit up like the woodchuck, shaking themselves, with an absurd bark, something like the bark of a dog. This circumstance gives them their name. They may be tamed, and will then live in holes in the yard, coming to be fed when called, and taking food from the hand.

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21. RED RIDING-HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,

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And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had netted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak—
Come, black old crow—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid; we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

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22. THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

THE habits of this squirrel are very interesting. You may be walking through the woods. Shortly you hear what you at first think to be the barking of a small dog. On listening you discover your mistake. The abrupt notes "*qua-qua-que*," with much chattering, proceed from the tall tree a few rods from you.

You cautiously steal on tip-toe to the foot of the tree, but you do not see the animal even after looking carefully on every side. You know the little fellow is there, for he could not possibly have gone out of the tree unless you had seen him. Now, if you go close to the trunk, and step quickly to the other side, you will see him away up at the top. He will suddenly whisk himself to the opposite side from you, where he is now closely hugging the tree and perfectly motionless.

Gray Squirrel.

Your interest is now awakened; you are curious to see more of him. Very well; you must retire a few yards, and remain perfectly quiet.

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You had better take a comfortable seat, for he will not move while you are near the tree. Presently you see his head with its bright, lively eyes, moving round to the side where you are standing.

If you remain perfectly still, he will soon take his position on a limb where he will express his satisfaction at your removal from his neighborhood by several chirping barks. This noise will be answered, perhaps, by other squirrels that you had no thought were in the neighborhood. Soon, one of them, with a saucy bark or chatter, chases another; and shortly three or four of them are scampering about, running through the underbrush and fallen wood, and up and down the trees in high sport.

Presently, one of them, in escaping from the others, comes suddenly near you. With a shrill whistle of astonishment at seeing you, he scampers up the nearest tree, and is soon as completely hidden as all the others were the instant he gave the alarm. You may as well retire now, for you will see nothing more of them. As long as you remain near they will not budge a single foot.

The gray squirrel makes a very interesting pet in confinement. We had one, last summer, for a pet, and she was full of fun and frolic. She was taken from her parents' nest when she

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was hardly a week old, and was reared by hand. Of course she was perfectly tame and gentle. She soon learned to recognize the members of the family, and would know a stranger at once. She was very affectionate, and never seemed happy unless she was in our lap, or in one of our pockets, where she could cuddle herself up for a nap.

She was very fond of ice-cream, and we often treated her to it, letting her eat from our own dish. She was such a small body that it would not pay to have a whole dish of cream for her. In midsummer we were ill a few days, and bunny seemed to sympathize with us; for she would not content herself in her nest, but would creep up stairs, and nestle down beside us at every opportunity.

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23. THE WOODCHUCK AND HIS SKIN.

I SAW, at Martial Miles's two young woodchucks taken sixteen days ago, when they were, perhaps, a fortnight old. There were four in all, and they were dug out by the aid of a dog. The mother, to save herself, pushed out one after the other of her little ones to the dog, and one of them was killed by the dog.

These two are now nearly one third grown.

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They have found a hole within the house into which they run, and whither they have carried shavings and made a nest. Thence they run out doors, and feed about the house, lurking behind barrels. They eat yarrow, clover, and catnip, and are fed with bread and milk.

Woodchuck.

They do not drink the milk like a dog or a cat, but simply suck it, taking the sharp edge of the shallow tin vessel in their mouths. They are said to spit like a cat. They also eat bread, sitting upright on their haunches, and holding it in their fore paws just like a squirrel. That is their common and natural mode of eating.

They are as gray as the old one, or grayer. Mrs. Miles says they sleep on their heads—that is, curling their heads under them; also that they can back as straight into their hole as if they went head foremost. I saw a full-grown one this afternoon, which stood so still and erect, its

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paws hanging down, that it might be taken for a short and very stout stake.

I passed a very little boy in the street to-day, who had on a home-made cap of a woodchuck's skin, which his father or older brother had cured, and his mother or older sister had fashioned into a nice warm cap. I was interested by the sight. It brought to mind much of the family history, the story of the capture of the animal, and the care the human parents took of their young these hard times.

Johnny had been promised a cap many times, and now the work was completed. A perfect little poem, it might be called. The cap was large and round, big enough, you would say, for the boy's father; and it had some kind of cloth visor stitched to it.

The top of the cap was evidently the back of the woodchuck, and it was as fresh and handsome as if the woodchuck wore it himself. As if the boy had put his head into the body of the woodchuck, having cut off his tail and legs, and put a visor in place of the head.

The little fellow wore it innocently enough, not knowing what he had on, perhaps; and his eyes sparkled beneath it when I spoke of its warmth, even as the woodchuck's might have done. Such should be the history of every piece of clothing that we wear.

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24. BRUIN AND HIS WAYS.

In the same old poem which calls the fox Renard, or the wise one, the bear gets his name Bruin, or the brown one. All children who visit the menagerie soon find out what bears will eat, and many things which they will do. Bruin likes sugar, peanuts, bread, cake, and nearly every good thing his visitors have to spare. Deftly and gracefully he will climb his dead tree, and, sitting on the flat top, he will catch apples in his mouth.

The shuffling, cantering gait he has when he walks, is very droll. This is partly because his legs are limber for climbing, and partly because he sets his feet down flat, and does not walk on his toes as do dogs and cats. Looking at Bruin's teeth, so much like the teeth of the tiger, it might be thought that he, too, is a flesh eater. It is true that the dreadful grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains and the polar bear of the North live much on animal food.

But the real Bruin—the black or brown bear—feeds upon nuts, berries, and grain, though he does not object to an occasional taste of young pig. His teeth, too, if carefully observed, show that they are suited to his needs. The back ones are flatter than are the tiger's, and the

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jaws work sideways as well as up and down; so that Bruin can grind as well as cut.

Bears delight in honey, and are willing to endure stinging if they can only rob the wild bee-tree or the humble bee's nest of their contents. They become familiar with the hum of bees, and the music is pleasant to their ears, for it guides them to the sweet treasures.

On this account the brown bears of Scandanavia are said to be puzzled by the telegraph lines which pass through their wild homes. The wind plays upon the wires and makes them hum, like the buzzing of bees. The bears hear the music, and then dig about the telegraph poles, hoping to find honey. Poor bears! All-Fools-Day comes to them quite often.

It would be well to examine Bruin's paws. It is easy to see how powerful are his legs, and what ugly claws they are armed with. When he sits up, he can use these paws in striking and boxing with terrible effect; or he can hug a deer so tightly as to squeeze the life out of him.

The brown bear is six feet long and three feet high, and often weighs four hundred pounds. The grizzly is larger, and may weigh a thousand pounds. His claws are sharper, and his strength is immense. He can hold the buffalo in his hug, and with one blow he can remove the scalp of a man. When he is fat, it is almost impossible

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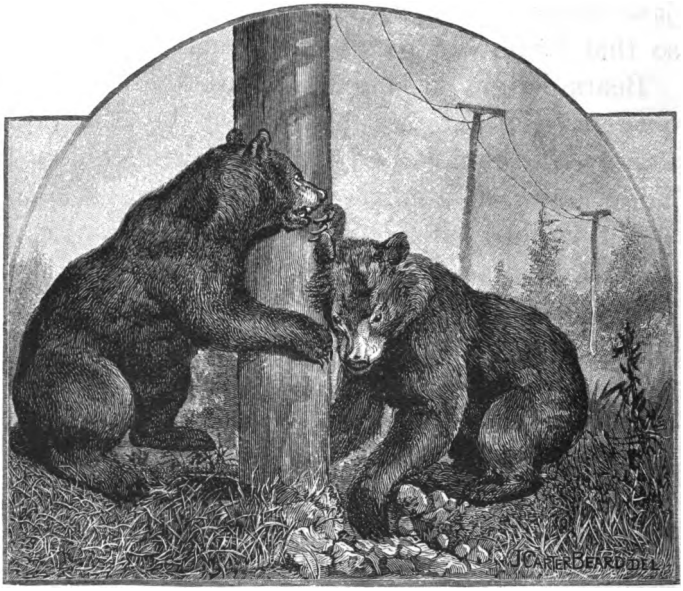

Scandanavian Bears.

to kill him with bullets. Should the hunter be closely pursued, he takes his flight along a hillside if he can, for on such ground the bear makes slow progress.

When winter approaches, Bruin and his companion, now very fat, go into their house in a hollow tree, and sleep until the opening of spring. Then they come out very poor, for their fat has been used by their systems to keep them alive. Their cubs, now the size of kittens, creep out into the strange world with a cry like that of a baby. Mrs. Bruin is very careful of them.

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PART 2.

THE most ferocious of the bear family is certainly the American grizzly, which is said to attack a man at sight. The beast is immensely strong, and a man is crushed instantly in its huge arms. The white, or rather cream-colored Polar bear is not so ferocious, though, like all the family, it fights courageously when brought to bay, or in defense of its cubs.

The Esquimos have no hesitation in pursuing these bears, single handed, in their sledges. When they come up with the game, the dogs are unharnessed and rush to the attack. Surrounded and worried by the dogs, the hunter plunges his spear under the left shoulder of the beast as it turns to seize him. In spite of the skill and pluck of these men, however, they sometimes fall into the clutches of a wounded bear, and are severely handled.

Stories are told, too, of bears creeping silently over the ice on their hair-padded feet, and surprising an Esquimo as he sits watching a seal hole, by giving him a tap on the shoulder, to remind him that his hour has come. The hunter then, it is said, has only one chance; to roll over and pretend to be dead; and, while his enemy is quietly looking him over, to deal him a fatal blow.

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In the days of my youth, I read about this method of escaping from a bear. One had only to lie down and appear to be dead, when Bruin would come up and carefully smell the body to ascertain whether it was breathing. So long as one could hold one's breath, there was no danger; and the bear would pass on his way peacefully.

So deeply did every thing I read impress me, that I used to practice holding my breath, in preparation for the time when I should go bear-hunting, and should lie down quite peacefully before the most savage grizzly. However, the opportunity has never occurred; and somehow my faith in this method has gone.

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25. HOW TO FRIGHTEN WILD ANIMALS.

MANY of the most dreadful wild beasts respect manliness and bravery. It is said that a lion will not attack a man who stands coolly in his place, and makes no effort to run. He looks at the man, as if he were measuring him, and, after a little, walks slowly away.

Rocky mountain hunters dread to meet the grizzly bear for he attacks at once. But he can be scared. A geologist, in the early days of California, came suddenly upon a grizzly. What

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should he do? A bullet would not hurt him, and would only make him more enraged.

In an instant he thought of a noise he used to make when a boy. It was a loud whoop with the voice, broken by striking the hand rapidly over the mouth. This noise he set up with all his might, when Mr. Grizzly ran away like a frightened deer. In a similar manner a lady once drove a tiger from her path by suddenly opening her parasol before his face.

"Mr. Gordon Cumming, a distinguished African traveler, was once watching for game in a hole which he had dug near a pool. Having shot a gnu, he laid down his rifle without reloading it, and fell asleep.

"He had not slept long before his slumbers were disturbed by strange sounds, and he awoke with a sudden start, and uttered a loud shriek. He heard the rushing of light feet on every side, attended by the most unearthly noises; and, on raising his head, he was struck with horror to see himself surrounded by wild dogs, animals between a wolf and a hyena.

"To the right and the left, and within a few paces of him, stood two lines of these ferocious creatures, cocking their ears, and stretching their necks to have a look at him. Another troop of the wild dogs were fighting over the gnu that had been shot. When he saw them, the expec-

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tation of being presently torn in pieces made his blood curdle.

"It was then the hunter thought of the power of the human voice, and of a bold manner in overawing brute animals. Springing to his feet, he stepped upon the little ledge surrounding the hole, when, drawing himself up to his full height, he waved his large blanket with both hands, and shouted in a loud and solemn voice.

"This had the desired effect. The wild dogs shrank back some distance, barking like so many collies. Upon this, he began to reload his rifle, and before this had been done, the entire pack had retreated."

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26. BEAR-FACES AND BEAR-FEET.

As the fox and the coyote are thought of along with the dog because they look and act like him, so there are some animals which are associated with the bear, because their looks and ways are like the bear's. Raccoons, weasels, ferrets, minks, martens, skunks, wolverines, badgers, and otters are all bear-like. Of these, some, like the coon, rest upon the flat foot, and are called coon-bears; others step more on the toes, and are called weasel-bears. All are rogues and mischief-makers.

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We have only to get a good view of the raccoon standing on the branch of a tree, to conclude that the woodsman is right when he calls him the "tree-bear." Those flat feet, mischievous eyes, and that sharp nose and droll expression of countenance are all bear-like. See if they are not. Then look at the coon's bill of fare. He has placed upon it green corn, chickens, eggs, frogs, pumpkin seeds, fish, oysters, and turtles. Any of these things he will steal when he gets a chance. Because he washes his animal food in water before eating it, the Germans call the coon the "washing-bear."

Raccoon.

No wonder that the farmer is the coon's bitter enemy, or that he thinks highly of the coon-dog who knows how to track and tree the rascal, and how to catch him when the tree is chopped down. This night-thief is not satisfied, as is the muskrat, to carry away a single ear of corn. He must break down a great many stalks, and eat a little of a great many ears. The coon-hunt by moonlight is a rare delight to the country boys, and great fun for the plantation hands.

A beautiful coon-bear has its home in Cali-

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fornia and Mexico. It is called the raccoon fox. About the size of a small cat, it lives in a moss-lined nest in a hollow tree. Thence it steals into the miner's hut, plunders his provisions, and finally becomes a delightful pet and a useful member of the family, clearing the house of all its mice.

Who ever heard of a small bear only eight inches long? It is the weasel. It is said that you can not catch a weasel asleep. And when you see what a slender, limber body it has, and how swiftly it glides along on its toes, you will surely conclude that you can not catch it awake. It can enter any rat-hole, and it is a terror to rats. Its nest, in which are usually five young, is built among driftwood or leaves. There it sleeps, but before you can catch it, it will be awake and ready to defend itself, it is so spry. The mink and the ermine, larger than the weasel, are much like it, and are valued for their furs. They, with the badger, the wolverine or glutton, and the otter, are weasel-bears.

Weasel.

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"No bear or puma," says Mr. Stephens, "ever defends its whelps with one half the courage shown by the little weasel, when one comes upon its nest. I have often been obliged to back hastily off to avoid a bite on the leg, or a smart chance of being throttled. A person not acquainted with the weasel-grit would laugh at this. But really, I had rather take my chance in a fair fight with a bear than with three weasels.

"Some years ago, while fishing in company with a boy friend along the bank of a large brook, we accidentally stumbled upon the burrows of several weasels. The first we saw of them, they were dodging and darting about us, making their low, scowling noise. There were four of them. We began to strike at them with our fish-poles, to drive them off; but the more we struck, the more they would not go away. The conflict waxed hot, and they would actually jump up three or four feet against our jackets in their attempts to get at our throats. We were obliged to run, and the resolute little warriors chased us for some rods."

The ferret is related to the weasel. It was originally from Africa, and its color was black and yellow. For a long time it has been a domestic animal, and is an albino, or white with pink eyes. It is not an affectionate pet, but is found useful in ridding a house of rats and mice.

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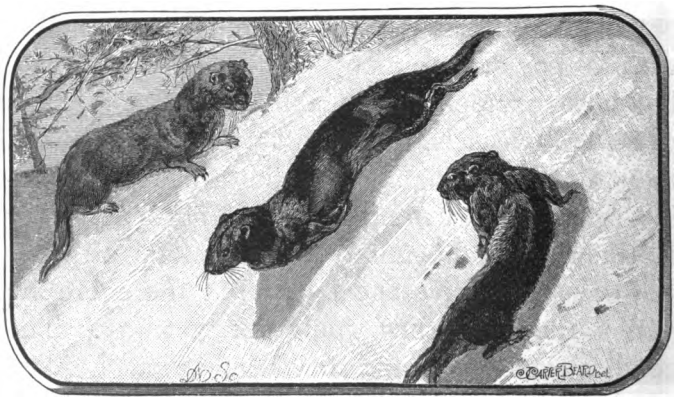
27. JOLLY OTTERS.

THE otter is a bear-like animal, and is peculiar on account of its webbed toes. It is about three feet long, lives much in the water, and catches fish. There are sea otters, and otters that live by rivers and fresh water streams. In



Otters Coasting.

China otters are tamed, and made to catch fish and bring them to their masters. Audubon had several tame otters which were as gentle as puppies, and would romp with him in his study.

The sea otter is very tender of its young one. She clasps it in her fore paws and turns her back when danger approaches. She sleeps on her back in the water, with her pup in her arms;

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and when she wakes she will play with the young thing for hours together. Otters are full of fun. Old hunters have watched the sea otter lying on its back in the water, and tossing and catching sea-weed with its paws.

The American otter invented coasting long before the boys discovered its charms. Audubon, the great naturalist, once saw a pair of otters enjoying this sport on a steep muddy bank near the Ohio River. Twenty-two slides down the bank, as swift as an arrow from a bow, were made, before they were interrupted.

Their winter sport is thus described: "In winter the highest ridge of snow is selected. To the top of this hill the otters scramble, where, lying on the belly with their fore feet bent backwards, they give themselves a push with their hind legs, and swiftly glide head foremost down the hill, sometimes for the distance of twenty yards. This sport they continue, with the keenest enjoyment."

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28. HOOFED FEET.

THERE are some animals whose toes are protected by a hard, horny covering called a hoof. This hoof is, in form, very different from the claw of the dog, the cat, or the squirrel. The ani-

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mal that has hoofs, as the horse, the pig, and the cow have, never uses the foot for catching its food, and seldom for holding it. The pig with his foot holds down the ear of corn he is eating, and the wild horse paws away the snow to reach the grass. But the hoofed animals, as a rule, use their feet simply for walking, for running, and for kicking.

Besides the hoofed animals best known to us, there is a host of others that run wild in the forest or inhabit foreign countries, which are horse-like, pig-like, or cow-like. In a few features, which are quite apparent, we can see that the rhinoceros resembles the horse; the hippopotamus is piggish; and the deer and giraffe are more cow-like. The hard covering of the hoof is of great service to all of them, as are the soles of our shoes to us.

Some of them, like the elephant and the rhinoceros, have the great weight of their bodies to carry, while others must run swiftly, or clamber over rocky and steep places. The hard cover protects their toes against bruises, and keeps them from slipping, from wearing out, and from getting sore.

How wisely and wonderfully is the horse fitted to our uses! Every one must admire an animal so finely made as was the famous Ten Broeck; but the horse of common use is quite as won-

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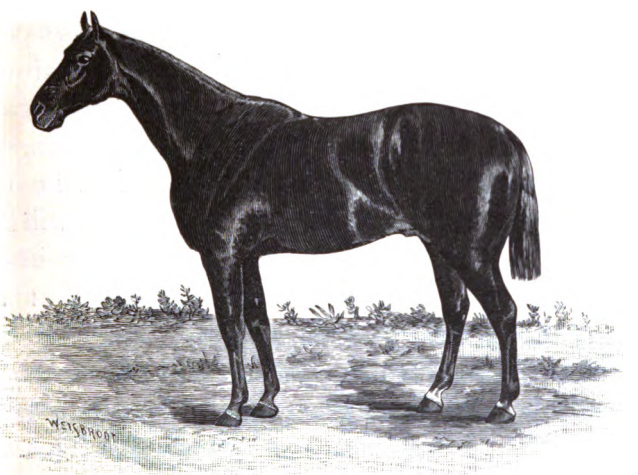
derful. There is old Nero, the family horse of the Perrys, hitched to the road-wagon and standing at the gate. Good-natured, willing, patient old fellow! He will draw his load of feed from the mill, then trot away with his mistress in the



Ten Broeck.

buggy, gallop with Joel on his back, or let all the children together,—Joel, Dora, and Ruth,—ride him up and down the lane.

Thus Nero is willing to be busy all the day. At night he will do his eating, and will sleep even while standing on his feet. Could any one contrive a machine and put life into it, and make it work any thing like Nero? His bones are hard and small. His limbs are light and strong.

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His shoulder is shaped and sloped for the collar. His back is made for the saddle and for the burden.

Nero's lips are fitted for picking, and his forty teeth are made for nipping and grinding his food. Between his nippers and grinders is a gap which is just the place for the bit to rest in. His eye is bright and can see in the dark almost as well as the cat's eye. His coat is smooth and his skin is thick. How many things he can do! He can carry, he can pull, he can walk, he can trot, he can gallop, he can run. He will go hungry or thirsty, endure heat or cold, without complaining. Thoughtless, even cruel, is the hand that strikes Nero a needless blow!

The wonderful thing about the horse is his hoof. It surrounds his single toe with a high, hard wall. This wall holds tight the nails that fasten the shoe. On the flat bottom within the wall is the frog which is shaped like the letter V. Between the frog and the wall, or the inside edge of the shoe, is the sole. The wall, the sole, and the frog together support the weight of the horse. The sole is elastic and the frog is springy; and unless the blacksmith cuts it away,

Horse's Hoof.

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the frog gives a jump to the foot when it strikes the ground.

What if the horse had five toes on each foot as had his greatest grandfather ever so far back in the past? What could Nero do with twenty shoes on his four feet! It is a kind Providence that has finally brought our horse to have but one toe on each foot; and has made that toe so hard and tough that it will hold fast the iron shoe, and strike the country road or the city pavement without breaking or getting sore.

The horse was not tamed so early in the history of man as was the dog; and after the horse came to be used, he was kept chiefly for kings and for war. In the time of Abraham, asses are mentioned as among the possessions of Pharaoh, but horses are not spoken of. Probably the king of Egypt had no horses. Abraham rode upon an ass, and it will be remembered that Jesus, when he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, rode upon a young ass.

The horse in battle has always been noble and brave. The noise and uproar which at first frightened him become his delight. Here is a word-picture from the Bible of the horse in war:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and

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rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet armed men.

He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. And he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

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29. HORSES GREAT, SMALL, AND SWIFT.

JOEL PERRY, like most boys, was deeply interested in horses. He was particularly anxious to know something of the swift horses he had heard so much about. He thought that, as the nice dogs had descended from animals like wolves, the fine horses too must have come from wild parents. Joel's questions must be attended to.

There are no really wild horses now. More than three hundred years ago, the Spaniards came to South America and to Mexico to conquer the natives; and they brought with them large, handsome horses. Some of these animals, very naturally, got loose and ran away. From those truants have come the great herds of South America, and the little wide-awake mustangs that run wild in the far west.

Being obliged to take care of themselves, the offspring of those Spanish horses gradually lost

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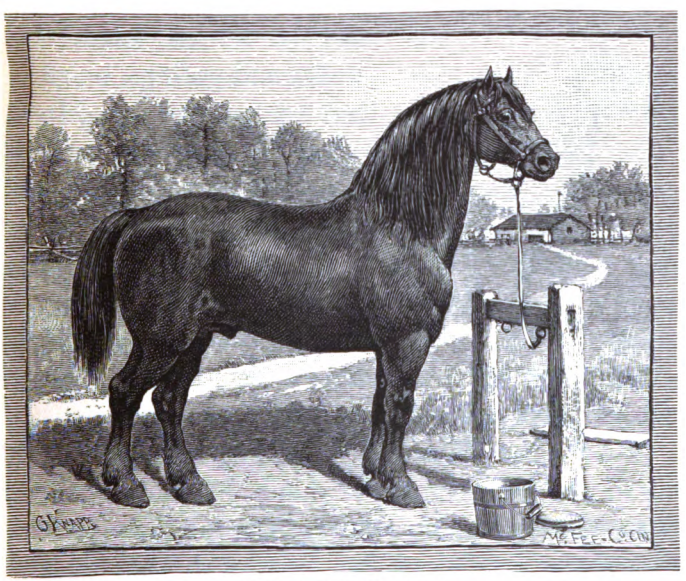
the size and beauty which their tame ancestors had. They are now caught with a lasso, and, when tamed, are very hardy workers. Where and when the first really wild horse was tamed, we shall never know.

But where are the best horses to be found?



French Draught Horse.

Just where men have, for the longest time, taken the best care of their horses. The Arabian horse has, for a long, long time, been a member of the Arab's household, and lives in the tent with the Arab's family. The father and the children lie on the floor with him, and pillow their

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heads on his neck. The colt is fed on camel's milk, and is caressed like a kitten. The Arab is unwilling to sell or to part with his horse.

The Arabian horse shows something for the care bestowed upon him. He is one of the most complete horses. He is used only for the saddle. His back is short; his ears are small; his legs are slender and hard. He walks and gallops, or runs, but seldom trots. He is strongly attached to his master, and will carry him fifty miles without stopping to rest, and he will go without water two days at a time. When the master lies down to sleep on the desert sand, his mare watches over him.

Shetland Pony.

Nearly two hundred years ago the Arabian horse was brought to England. Then arose the horse family called Thorough-breds, from which have been produced the swiftest horses in the world. Other people, as well as the Arabs, began to take great pains with their horses, and many other fine families appeared, among them the French Percheron and the Scotch Clydesdale. These are the elephants among horses.

By the side of these giants, the little Shetland pony, with shaggy mane and bushy tail looks

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scarcely larger than a sheep. In his cold, barren, rocky home—the Shetland Islands—he picks the moss and the lichen like a sheep. The Percheron sometimes weighs two thousand pounds, and is seventeen hands high. The Sheltie, as he is called, is thought to be heavy if he weighs four hundred pounds; and he is high if he exceeds nine hands, or three feet.

An Englishman with his two-wheeled chaise was once visiting a friend, who presented him with a Shetland pony both beautiful and docile. The little dwarf was but seven hands, or twenty-eight inches high. The question arose how he should be taken away. He was finally put into the body of the carriage and covered with a shawl. A few bread crumbs were fed him from time to time, and he reached his new home without difficulty.

PART 2.

SOME horses, like some men, have become famous, and we must remember their names. Alexander the Great had a horse whose name was Bucephalus. Without this horse, it is said, Alexander could never have conquered the world. Bucephalus would allow no other than his master to handle or to ride him; but for Alexander he would even drop on his knees to be mounted.

Other horses have earned great names by

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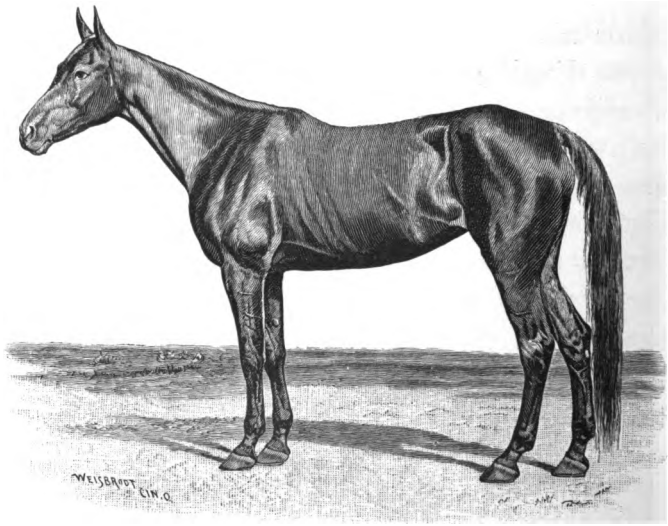
their speed. Nearly two hundred years ago, Flying Childers was the name of the swiftest horse then known. He lived in England until he was twenty-six years old. Next after him the swiftest runner was Eclipse, who died at the age of twenty-five. In this country, sixty years ago,



Maud S.

the American Eclipse was the horse of fleetest foot. He, too, reached the age of twenty-five. Each of these horses could run a mile in less than two minutes, or go as fast as a mail-train of cars.

Of more recent thorough-bred horses Ten Broeck, whose photographic likeness is given on

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page 99, is a fine example. His color was bright bay. When you look at him you see all that is best in the horse of the Arab and the famous runners of former days. His single mile was made in one minute thirty-nine and three quarter seconds. He died in 1887 at the age of fifteen.

America has produced the famous trotters. When a horse goes much faster than a walk, it is natural for him to break into a gallop or a running gait. Rapid trotting, when it came, was something new. It began in 1818 with Boston Blue, a horse who created great excitement by trotting a mile in three minutes.

In 1859, Flora Temple trotted a mile in two minutes nineteen and three quarter seconds. She was not a handsome animal, and when advanced in years she looked like a very common horse. Maud S. is a more comely appearing animal than was Flora Temple, and she has earned an equal fame. In 1885 she trotted her mile in two minutes eight and three quarter seconds.

"But, mamma," asked Joel Perry, "what good do these swift horses do, anyhow, except to make sport for idle men?"

"In former times," explained Mrs. Perry, "fast running horses were of great use. As there were no railroads they were employed to carry

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mail-matter; and as there were no telegraphs, they were ridden, at the top of their speed, to carry important messages. In these days, it is true, they are not needed for such purposes; but the training of a few horses to do their best helps people to make all horses better—better for the plough, the cart, and the carriage. By these finely bred specimens, too, we are shown how care, kindness, and training will improve our four-footed servants."

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30. WISE HORSES.

In the year 1881 the publication called *Nature* printed the following story about a Shetland pony, the truth of which story was well proved:

"A year or two ago Mr. William Sinclair, school-teacher at Holm, imported one of these little animals from Shetland on which to ride to and from school. Up to that time the animal had been unshod; but some time afterwards Mr. Sinclair had it shod by Mr. Pratt, the parish blacksmith.

"The other day Mr. Pratt, whose smithy is a long distance from Mr. Sinclair's house, saw the pony, without halter or any thing upon it, walking up to where he was working. Thinking the

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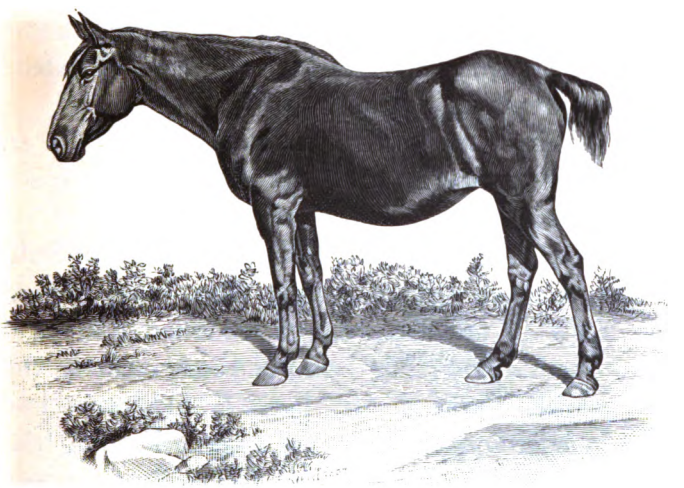
animal had strayed from home, he drove it off, throwing stones after the beast to make it run homewards. This had the desired effect for a short time; but Mr. Pratt had only got fairly at work once more in the shop when the pony's head again made its appearance at the door.



Flora Temple.

Going a second time outside to drive the pony away, Mr. Pratt, with a blacksmith's instinct, took a look at the pony's feet, when he observed that one of its shoes had been lost.

"Having made a shoe, he put it on, and then waited to see what the animal would do. For a moment it looked at the blacksmith as if ask-

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ing whether he was done, then pawed once or twice as if to see whether the newly-shod foot was comfortable, and finally gave a cheerful neigh, erected his head, and started home at a brisk trot.

"The owner, also, was surprised to find his animal at home the same evening, completely shod; and it was only by calling at the smith-shop some days afterwards, that he learned the full extent of his pony's sagacity."

A similar and recent instance of wit in an American horse is told by a college professor in Maine:

"A few years ago, Mr. Eli Rigby, living at Stillwater, a small village a mile from here, turned his span of farm-horses out loose on the road. Without his knowledge one of them went to the blacksmith shop of Mr. John Gould, who had been accustomed to shoe the span. Finding the door of the shop open, the horse entered and lifted up his foot in such a manner as to attract attention.

"The blacksmith supposing the owner to be near by, examined the foot, and found the shoe broken in such a way as to hurt the horse when he walked. He therefore put on a new shoe, after which the horse went off home of his own accord.

"Later in the day the blacksmith saw Rigby,

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and asked him if he got his horse all right. This question led to explanation, when it appeared that Rigby not only did not know that the horse had been in the shop, but he did not know there had been trouble with his shoe. Both Gould and Rigby are thoroughly trustworthy men."

31. HORSE-LIKE ANIMALS.

THE cousins of the horse may all be known by the foot with the single toe and the hard hoof. They include the ass, the small ass or donkey, the burro, the mule, the gayly striped zebra of Africa, and the wild asses of Africa and Asia. Their lips, teeth, legs, feet, and skin are all horse-like. They are unlike the horse in their strangely large ears, and in the music of their voices, which sound like the rasping of a saw.

Wild Ass.

The tail of the ass is without long hair, except at the end. There are on the inside of the horse's hind legs queer looking buttons, or warts.

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These the ass does not have. The wild ass has, along his back and across his shoulders, a dark stripe. These peculiar marks, together with his harsh bray, belong also to the tame ass. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the common animal is descended from the wild ass of Africa.

The wild asses, the zebras, and the partly striped quaggas, are among the most beautiful animals that roam through the wilds of the African continent. They are usually tall, are delicate and graceful in form, and so fleet that even a greyhound finds it very hard to keep up with them.

Zebra.

But the little donkeys; the rough, unsightly, yet patient little donkeys; the stupid little donkeys of the stories; is it possible that they have come from those gay creatures of Africa? If so, they must have become what they are because the ass has, for hundreds of years, been despised and abused.

"At the present time the ass is common in France, Spain, Italy, and Greece. It is astonishing to see the enormous burdens of fruits and vegetables which this creature carries to market.

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The ass or donkey—usually a very small beast—is the poor man's cart, coach, wheelbarrow, chaise, and buggy. It takes the family to church, the wife and daughters to the wedding, the baby to the christening, the cabbages, carrots, beets, turnips, and potatoes, to market.

"The ass does all this and keeps himself; for he needs little care, and will feed on dry leaves, thistles, briers, chaff, and straw. It is in Mexico that the burros, as they are called, form a part of the household. They bring the wood and the water. They carry the produce to market.

Quagga.

"Look at the pretty burro, of shaggy feet and dainty coat, as he is reared in the very house of the Mexican laborer! As soon as his little frame can bear a few pounds, the pack is on his back.

"Nothing is more amusing than to see his donkeyship with his head just inside a Mexican shanty, and a half dozen dark-skinned urchins hanging on his ears, mounting him before and behind, tumbling off one side, crawling under his belly, between his legs, and scrambling up

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the other side. He usually stands at the door to secure the odds and ends of the family meal.

"When nothing more is to be obtained at the house, he walks off quietly to the common to finish his meal by browsing; and he generally manages to be out of the way when wanted.

"Hunting up the burros forms no small part of the duty of Mexican youth. Burros are the most accomplished thieves. They make frequent excursions into the neighborhood, and take possession of every thing in the shape of food in the house or camp that is left unguarded.

Burro.

"The most useful and remarkable qualities of these animals are their great strength and endurance. I have known a train of donkeys to carry burdens of three hundred-weight each, more than three quarters of their own weight, over a desert ninety miles in extent, without water, the thermometer ranging one hundred degrees during the day, and the trip occupying three days. They have no means of defence except their heels. They seldom escape by their speed unless they are frightened."

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32. FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Two great families of elephants live in the Old World. They are the African and the Asiatic. Both have trunks, thick, loose skins, small eyes that can not see far, legs that look like posts, and six huge grinding teeth on each jaw. Of the African elephants, both the male and the female have tusks. Of the Asiatic, the male alone has tusks. The elephants of Ceylon have no tusks.

The African elephant is the tallest, being often eleven feet high. He is of dark color, has a round forehead, and immense ears cover his shoulders. He shows four hoofed toes on his front foot and three similar toes on his hind foot. The Asiatic elephant reaches ten feet in height, has a flat forehead, small ears, and shows four hoofed toes on each foot. The African is now seldom known except as a wild beast hunted for its tusks. The Asiatic is often domesticated, and is usually docile, kind, and intelligent.

The elephant is the largest land animal. His weight reaches seven thousand or eight thousand pounds. He continues to grow until he is thirty years old. He often lives until he is upwards of a hundred.

The elephant's tusks are simply upper teeth

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grown absurdly long and large. One pair of tusks was found which were nine feet long. Another single tusk, found by an African hunter, weighed a hundred and seventy-three pounds. Elephants' tusks, though they possess great strength, are poor weapons of defense. Yet, with them, an elephant has hurled a tiger a distance of thirty feet. How readily the Asiatic elephant may be taught, is learned from Mr. Hornaday, who says:

"A horse which will promptly back at the word of command, or a dog that will back or stand on its hind legs when told to do so, is considered quite accomplished. But in India, any well-trained elephant, at a word or touch from his driver who sits astride of his neck, will kneel, speak, and salute with his trunk; stop, back, lie down, pull down a branch in the way, gather fodder and hand it up to his attendant, turn or lift a log, or drag it by taking its drag-rope between his teeth."

The trunk is the elephant's wonderful organ. It contains forty thousand muscles, and serves the purposes of nose, lip, arm, hand, and fingers. By it the elephant breathes when he is under water, smells, tastes, touches, and seizes. With it he can pick up a marble, or twist a tree off by its roots. It brings food and water to his mouth, throws water over his body, and makes

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a shrill noise like a trumpet. The elephant is careful of his trunk. When he encounters the tiger he raises his trunk aloft and fights with his tusks.

PART 2.

It is needless to say that the elephant is tremendously strong. He can carry as much weight as sixteen oxen can support. He feeds chiefly on the branches and roots of soft-wood trees, and on grass and fruits. With his tusks the African elephant has uprooted trees four feet in circumference and thirty feet high. In South Africa, elephants sometimes eat a fruit which makes them tipsy, when they stagger, perform foolish acts, scream loudly, and get into fierce fights. In this condition they remind one of certain other animals with shorter noses and fewer legs, who sometimes act in the same way.

Elephants live in families of from twenty-five to a hundred members. The family is guided by a single aged leader whom all follow and defend. If, for any reason, a member leaves his family, he is never permitted to join it again, but is hated, persecuted, and sometimes killed by his former friends.

Elephants seldom forget an injury or an insult. An old story, told for several generations, relates that an elephant put his proboscis in at

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the window of a tailor, hoping to receive a pleasant morsel of food. Instead of this, the tailor pricked the sensitive trunk with his needle. The elephant walked away to a muddy pool, filled his trunk, and, returning to the tailor, showered him with dirty water. Elephants are afraid of flies, and may be frightened by a mouse. Sometimes they become greatly angered, when they lay aside fear and are very dangerous.

Single wild elephants are often caught in covered pits. When a herd is to be captured, a large yard, or corral is inclosed by the trunks and branches of trees, one side alone being left open. Then hundreds, or even thousands of men, called beaters, surround the herd, beat drums, carry torches, and so torment and frighten the poor creatures that they rush into the corral and are confined. Tame elephants are then introduced among them, and while they are getting acquainted, ropes are slipped around the legs of the wild ones, and they are securely fastened to trees. In a few months the prisoners are subdued and tamed.

It will not be many years before these giant animals will all have disappeared, and children will read of them as seen only by their grandfathers and grandmothers. A whole elephant must be destroyed for the ivory in his tusks. In England alone, the ivory of forty thousand

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elephants is used every year. Other countries use more than this; so that a hundred thousand elephants are annually killed for the pair of teeth that belongs to each. Before long, therefore, there will be no more elephants, no more ivory, and no more ivory-handled pocket knives.

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33. THE CHILDREN'S GIANT FRIEND.

"It was in December, 1851," says Mr. Matthew Scott, in *Harper's Young People*, "that my name was entered on the books of the Royal Zoological Society's Garden, at Regent's Park, in London. I was then seventeen years of age, and my great desire to be constantly among the animals was finally gratified.

"I well remember when it was announced, eighteen years ago, that an African elephant, with immense ears like folding parlor doors, would soon arrive, and the managers decided to put me in charge of him. There was great excitement when the boat carrying him arrived from Paris, and it seemed as if all the boys and girls in London turned out to see him. The little elephant was a curiosity on account of his peculiar shape and big ears, and the members of several learned societies came to examine him.

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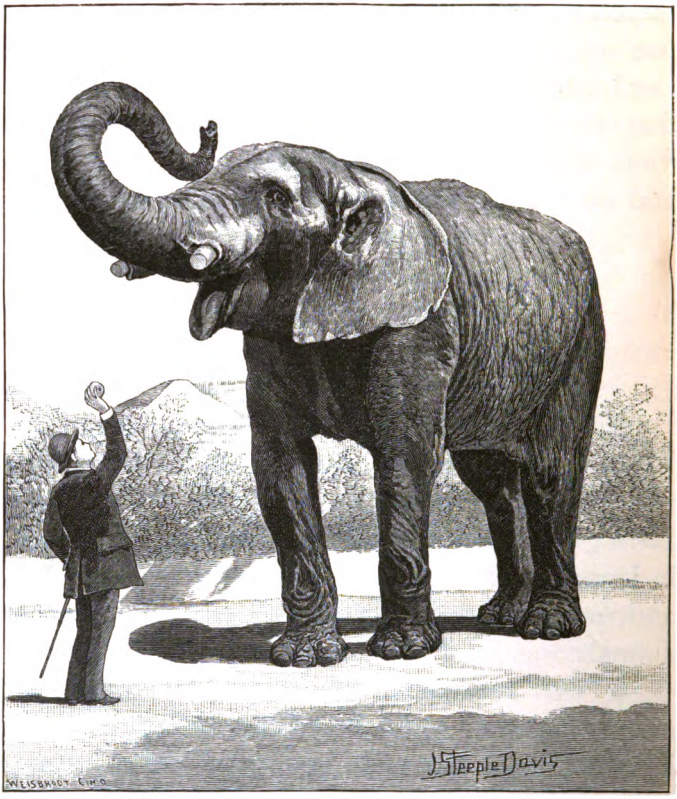

Jumbo.

The name I gave him, Jumbo, had no particular meaning; in fact I do not think I had ever before heard it.

"From the natives where he was captured it was learned that Jumbo was five years old, and I took great delight in telling visitors that he

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would grow to be the biggest elephant in the world. He was then in a bad state of health.

"Jumbo and I were fast friends the first time we met, and he would be governed by none of the other keepers. He was like a great, good-natured boy, and he took a special fancy to children and ladies, and was never so happy as when he could carry a back-load of little ones around the Park. His passengers included children of royalty and nobility, and as he grew rapidly, a larger saddle was needed every few months.

"One day, as Jumbo was passing through a crowd, he suddenly stopped, and would not move an inch when I commanded him to proceed. From my seat in the saddle I observed that a lady below was much agitated as she came running toward Jumbo. Leaning over the side of the saddle, I saw that a child of two or three years had fallen in our pathway, and was lying between Jumbo's fore feet. The beast would not stir until he had taken up the infant tenderly in his trunk and passed it over to the mother.

"Mr. Barnum, ten years ago, saw Jumbo at the Gardens and tried to purchase him. When he offered fifty thousand dollars for him, I was afraid the directors would let him go and I should lose my best friend. But they assured me that they would never let the animal go to America

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for any price. Six years ago, however, Jumbo had turns of fretfulness which alarmed the directors. I told them that elephants were social animals, and that what ailed Jumbo was the want of society.

"As Mr. Barnum had a score or more of elephants in his great American show, the superintendent of the zoological gardens advised the sale of Jumbo at a greatly reduced price. Mr. Barnum offered ten thousand dollars, and the directors accepted the offer. It was one of the happiest days of my life when I found that I was to accompany my old friend across the water.

PART 2.

"THE journey is familiar to every boy and girl in the land. Even those who have not seen Jumbo on his travels through the country have read how he was boxed up and hoisted aboard the steamer *Assyrian Monarch*, and how, on his arrival in New York in April, 1882, every paper in the land had columns of interesting news about the wonderful beast that had now grown to be the largest known animal in the world.

"Jumbo was unlike any other elephant in Mr. Barnum's herd. It would never do to punish him or to force him to obey. He minded me because he loved me. Whenever I could make

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my wishes known to him he always obeyed. Like a child he would sometimes be peevish and sullen, but at such times he would solicit me to pet him, and if I remained near, he would soon get over his ill feeling.

"He was mischievous, too; and as my bed was near him, he would oftentimes wait until I had fallen asleep, and then carefully take off my bed-clothes without awakening me. If it was cold weather, I would find the quilts crowded into the ventilator overhead. I recollect finding my coat and vest carefully tucked into the grating of the car, out of my reach. I looked for them for half an hour, while Jumbo swung his trunk like an enormous pendulum, as he always did when expressing delight. Finally, he directed my attention to the grating, and at my request gave them back.

"Many times Jumbo has picked me up and placed me out of danger of various kinds, and in several instances he saved my life. When the stampede of elephants took place last year, he caught me in his trunk and held me prisoner between his fore feet until the general alarm had subsided.

"I do not like to review the details of Jumbo's sudden death. He showed his affection for me to the last moment, and it seems he realized the danger to which he was exposed. He first

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took care, as he saw the fatal train coming, that I should be saved, and quickly put me out of harm's way. Then he quickly rolled Tom Thumb, the baby elephant, from the track, and in so doing lost so much time that the engine was upon him before he could move away. He was a king, and he faced death like a king. The locomotive struck him on the head, fracturing his skull."

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34. THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

THE arching trees above a path
Had formed a pleasant shade,
And here, to screen him while he slept,
An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,
But soon with fear she cried;
For, slowly moving down the path,
An elephant she spied.

The sticks he crushed beneath his feet
Had waked the sleeping child,
Who pushed aside the waving curls,
And looked at him, and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot—
With fear she held her breath—

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And there in agony she stood
To see him crushed to death.

The heavy foot the monster held
A while above the boy,
Who laughed to see it moving there,
And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground
Beyond her infant son,
And watched till every foot was safe
Across the little one.

She caught the infant from the ground,
For there unharmed he lay,
And could have thanked the noble beast,
Who slowly walked away.

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35. ANCIENT HISTORY OF ELEPHANTS.

PLINY was a Roman writer who was born in the year 23, A. D. He wrote in the Latin language, and a great many books were produced by his pen. On the subject of animals he published more than any other author of his time. Without doubt he believed his statements to be thoroughly true.

In reading some of them, however, which are given in our own plain language, it must be re-

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membered that people two thousand years ago were not careful observers, and strange fancies were nearly always mixed with facts. It is doubtful whether elephants did all the droll things Pliny recorded about them. The following are some of the things he wrote of them.

Elephants always move in herds. The oldest takes the lead, and the next in age brings up the rear. When they are crossing a river, they first send over the smallest for fear that the larger ones would wear the bottom too deep for the smaller ones. The first harnessed elephants that were seen at Rome were in the triumph of Pompey the Great over Africa, when they drew his chariot. In an exhibition of gladiators the elephants performed an awkward dance. It was a common thing to see them throw arrows with such force that the wind was unable to turn them from their course.

They imitated among themselves the combats of the gladiators, and went through the steps of the dance. After this they walked upon the tight rope—a statement confirmed by four other writers besides Pliny. Four of them would carry a litter on which a fifth one lay, who pretended to be ill. They afterwards took their places at table, reclining upon couches which were filled with people.

It is a most surprising thing that the ele-

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phant is able not only to walk up the tight rope backwards, but to come down upon it, head foremost. Mutianus, who was one of the chief magistrates or consuls, as they were called, states that one of these animals learned to trace Greek letters and put together words.

When their teeth are white they are known to be young. They take the greatest care of their tusks, and pay especial attention to the point of one of them that it may be sharp for combat; the other they use for various purposes, such as digging up roots.

When an elephant meets a man in the desert who is merely wandering about, he is said to show himself merciful and kind, and even points out the way for the man. But if the very same animal discovers the tracks of a man before he meets the man himself, he is suspicious, and trembles in every limb; stops short and scents the wind; looks around him and snorts with rage. So strong is the odor of the human footstep, though the foot itself is covered.

Mention is made of a combat between a Roman and an elephant when Hannibal compelled the Roman prisoners to fight against one another. One of the prisoners survived all the others, and he was placed before an elephant and promised his life if he would slay the animal.

The man advanced alone into the great arena

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or space where the gladiators fought, and overcame the elephant, much to the regret of Hannibal and his people. The promise was not kept. Hannibal thinking that the news of this victory might cause the elephants to be despised, sent horsemen to kill the brave prisoner on his way home.

The elephant is said to show a kind disposition toward animals that are weaker than itself. When it finds itself in a flock of sheep, it will carefully remove with its trunk those that are in the way that it may not trample on or injure any of them.

The cave-dwellers who inhabit the borders of Ethiopia live entirely on the flesh of elephants. To capture them, they climb the trees which stand near the paths through which these animals are accustomed to pass. Here they watch for the last one of the train. Leaping down upon its haunches, a man seizes its tail with his left hand and fixes his feet firmly upon its thigh. Hanging down in this manner, the man with his right hand cuts the hamstrings of the animal on one side. Then he cuts the tendons of the other ham, and makes his escape.

Elephants of furious temper are tamed by hunger and blows, while other elephants are placed near them to keep them quiet. When tamed, they are employed in war, and carry into

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the ranks of the enemy towers filled with armed men. They tread under foot whole companies, and crush the men in their armor. The very least sound, however, of a grunting pig terrifies them. When wounded or frightened, as they might be by the pig, they turn about and become no less destructive to their own side.

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36. THE RHINOCEROS.

In the London Zoological Gardens, where you may see all sorts of animals, birds, and reptiles, except a few that you may read of in the Arabian Nights, I've seen an elephant wind his trunk around the neck of a rhinoceros; not to strangle him, but in play,—to hug him, I suppose.

When tamed together, the two animals are very good friends, though they are enemies in their native wilds. There the rhinoceros always gives a grunt and runs away when he hears the elephant coming. And well he may; for a rhinoceros is only about four feet high, while the elephant is eight or ten feet high, and large in proportion. Yet I assure you the largest and strongest of animals would find the horn of the stout rhinoceros a terrible weapon.

An English hunter, mounted on a horse, once fired into a rhinoceros within a few yards of

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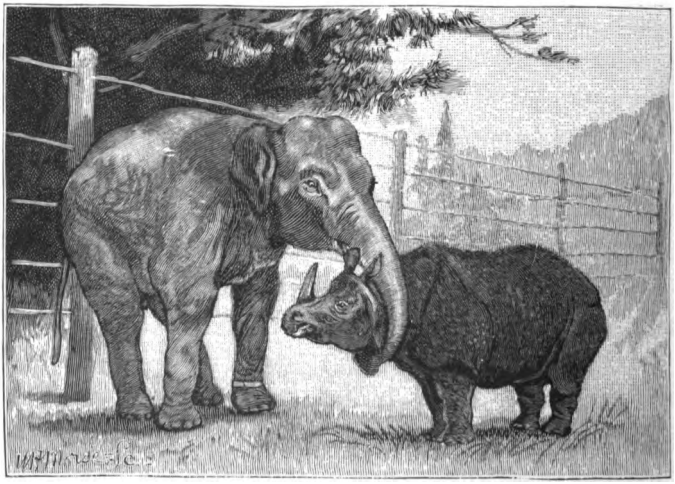
him. He did not expect to kill him at one shot, for the rhinoceros has such a tough skin that only a peculiar kind of very hard bullet will go through it. He expected the beast would run away, for he is rather timid. Then he thought he would ride along side of him and put more bullets in him, until he should fall dead.



Asiatic Elephant and Rhinoceros.

But this rhinoceros showed fight. He lowered his head and rushed forward, throwing up his nose and striking the horse such a blow that the horn passed clear through the poor beast's body and hit the hunter's leg on the other side. The hunter, afterwards mounting another horse, killed the rhinoceros.

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The horn of the rhinoceros is sometimes three or four feet long. It is a very old animal which has a horn so long as that. The horn curves backward to a point, and is very strong. Some kinds of rhinoceros have two horns, one behind the other. We call the thing a horn, and yet it is not one, strictly speaking. It does not grow out of the skull, but out of the hide. It has more the nature of hair than of bone, with rough sides, but ending in a smooth point.

The skin of the rhinoceros lies upon him in heavy folds, so thick and hard and shell-like that they make him look something like a gigantic tortoise. The natives of Asiatic countries, where the rhinoceros is found, use his tough hide to make shields of. It is a protection against even the claws of the tiger or the sword of a man, but not against the animal's worst enemy.

This enemy is an insect that works under the folds of the skin, and sometimes torments him almost to death. When he can endure its bites no longer, he goes and buries himself in the mud, leaving only his nose sticking out.

Sometimes he stays until the mud becomes so hardened about him that he can scarcely get out. The natives take advantage of him then, and kill him while he is struggling to free himself. He is often saved from them as he is from the insects, by his best friend.

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This friend is a little bird called the rhinoceros bird. It nearly always goes with the animal, riding on his back, and perching upon him when he sleeps at night. It feeds upon the insect that torments him. When he is asleep and danger is coming, this faithful little friend screams in his ear to wake him.

Sometimes, when the rhinoceros has been shot, the bird has been seen to keep watch over him and to scream in his ear at sight of the hunter returning. There is something very curious and touching in this friendship existing between the big beast and the little bird.

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37. PIGS TAME AND WILD.

ONE evening, toward the close of May, Mrs. Perry was seated with her children, when she announced that she would read to them about pigs.

"Oh, don't read about pigs, Mamma," said Joel. "I hate pigs. They're dreadful dirty things."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Perry. "You have never seen much of pigs."

"I've seen all I want to," said Joel, earnestly. "Did'nt Dora and I go to Oakville last summer, when John took us to see his folks? Well, the

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village was full of pigs, big and little. They were every-where in the streets, grunting and squealing. And they wallowed in the mud-puddles in the road, and then rubbed the mud off on the fence. Some of them slept under the houses, and those kept in small pens were a great deal worse. They were in mud up to their knees. O dear, no! I don't want to hear about pigs."

"I have no doubt," said his mother, "that you saw all you describe, Joel, but I think the fault was the people's rather than the pigs'. That is a very slovenly and unnatural way to care for the animals. They had no chance to keep clean. I was just reading that an old writer of the sixteenth century says, 'The hog is the cleanliest of all animals.'"

"Why, Mamma!" exclaimed Dora, "that old writer must be mistaken. Those that we saw were very disgusting; and they were so fearfully greedy—each trying to get all the food by fighting the others away—and all putting their dirty feet in the trough."

"And all that," replied Mrs. Perry, "is only because the poor creatures were nearly starved. I am inclined to think that pigs are as clean as horses or cows, if they are given an equal chance. But I have thought of a way to learn about them which will be better than any mere descrip-

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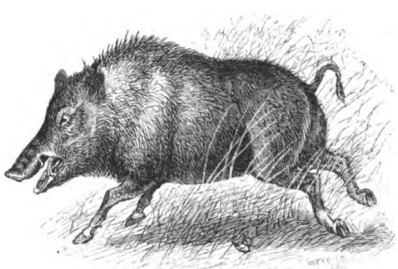
tion. We will drive over to Colonel Mayfield's in Kentucky. He has invited me to take you all over there, and he keeps several varieties of fine pigs. So, this evening, I will read about the wild boar."

"That will be nice," said Dora, "for then we can see the fine horses and cattle. It would be very stupid, though, if we could see nothing but pigs."

"But, Mamma," asked little Ruth, "does Colonel Mayfield have some very little pigs? And do you think they are clean and soft, like my kittens?"



Wild Boar.

"Yes, I have no doubt," answered the mother, "that we shall see plenty of little pigs, as well as large ones; and I think you will be delighted with them." Then Mrs. Perry read the following account of the wild boar:

Formerly, the wild boar abounded in the forests of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. He is no longer found in England, but he still exists, and is hunted in Italy and Spain. The most ferocious boars are found in Africa and India.

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There the boar is as large as a donkey, and he can run like a race-horse. His terrible tusks, which grow out and turn up on either side of his jaw, with his power of head and shoulder, make him an enemy dreaded by the lion and the tiger.

The wild boar lives on plants, fruits, roots, worms, and reptiles. He turns up the ground in long furrows. His favorite haunt is the swampy jungle ; if possible, near a plantation of sugar-cane, in which he delights. He wants to lie in the moist shade during the day; but at night he and his friends enter the cane fields, and destroy vast quantities of the crop. The sows, too, carry away the cane to make beds for their pigs. With considerable art they build little huts of the cane, having small entrances which they close when they leave their young alone.

Hunting the boar is exciting and dangerous sport. It is carried on with spears, and is called "pig sticking." When the animal is brought to a stand by the dogs, he sometimes makes ferocious charges upon the horses, dogs, and men, and inflicts terrible wounds.

The wild boar has few very near relations in a wild state. The peccary, which lives in Mexico and in southern Texas, is a wild pig much smaller than the boar, and without the great tusks. The deer-pig of the Malay islands has

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strange horns growing out from its snout. The wart-hog of South Africa is an ugly creature with immense tusks for digging roots.

All the pigs have four hoofed toes on each foot—two in front, and two, which do not touch the ground, behind. The strong, active muscle on the end of the snout reminds one of the curious contrivance at the end of the elephant's trunk. The hippopotamus, which is more of a pig than of any other kind of animal, has his four toes hoofed, and all of them strike the ground. His skin and flesh are much like those of the pig, and he often sits on his haunches like a pig.

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38. THE SWINE-GENERAL.

In Germany, almost every village has a swine-herd, who, at break of day, goes from house to house collecting his noisy troop, blowing his still more noisy cow-horn, and cracking his clumsy whip until the place echoes with the din. An amusing account has been given of this swine-herd or swine-general.

Every morning I hear the blast of a horn, when, coming from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! The pigs generally proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they

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have passed, there comes a little bare-headed child about eleven years old.

This little attendant of the old swine-general knows every house from which a pig ought to come forth. She can tell by the door being open or shut, or by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd or is still snoring in its sty; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, loiters on the road, she gives him a cut as sharp as the sting of a wasp.

Besides this little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was led by a boy of fifteen, whose duty it was to keep the foremost pigs from going too fast. In the middle of the herd, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly walked the swine-general. In his left hand he held a staff, while round his right shoulder hung a terrific whip.

At the end of the whip-handle there was a lash about nine feet long, made of iron rings joined together by pieces of hard leather. The weight and force of this whip no pig could resist; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he tried to speak kindly to the herd.

As soon as the herd got out of the town they began to ascend the rocky, barren mountains which towered above them. Then the labors of the swine-general became greater than ever. In due time the drove reached the ground where

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they were to take their day's exercise. In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else but air and exercise.

At about nine or ten o'clock they begin their march homeward. There is a remarkable difference between the manner in which they return home, and that in which they leave their native town. Their eager desire to get to the dinner trough that is ready for them is so great that no sooner do they come near the first house of the town, than away each of them starts toward his home.

At half past four the same horn is heard again. The pigs once more assemble, ascend the mountains, remain there for four hours, and in the evening return to their stys. Such is the life of the pigs, not only of this one village, but of every village throughout a great part of Germany.

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39. COLONEL MAYFIELD'S PETS.

It was a bright Saturday morning, and there was no school, when John the driver took Mrs. Perry and the children in the democrat wagon, and deposited them on Colonel Mayfield's shaded porch. The colonel received them kindly, and

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smiled under his broad-rimmed hat as he helped the mother and the little daughters from the carriage. Joel had jumped to the ground before the horses came to a stop.

"I have brought my little folks almost on purpose to see your pigs, Colonel Mayfield," said Mrs. Perry. "They have never seen well-kept pigs, and, very naturally, they are prejudiced by those they have seen."

"I shall be most happy to show them what I have," said the colonel. "I raise some fine horses and cattle, but really the pigs are my pets. We will go right down to the yards, if you will bring them along."

But the children were already scattered. Joel had found a group of young colts and was patting their velvet noses. Dora was in the orchard admiring some Jersey calves, which looked like young fawns. And Ruth—was she not already shouting to her mother that she had found the pigs?

"O Ruth!" cried her mother, "those are not pigs."

"Yes, they are, Mamma; they're guinea-pigs; the lady says they are," shouted Ruth, in great delight.

Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Mayfield, and the colonel laughed heartily at the innocent mistake of the little girl, and tried to show Ruth that her pigs

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were not pigs at all. But Ruth replied, "I do n't see why they should call them pigs, then. They must be pigs." The picture of these falsely called pigs is on page 76. They were very tame, and it is not surprising that Ruth was carried away with them.

Arrived at the yards, the colonel opened a door and displayed a long row of covered pens. Each pen opened into a small pasture-yard. The enclosures were whitewashed, the floors and the beds were clean, and the pigs, old and young, were as white as snow. The old sow had a trough which she had cleared of food, and there was a trough for the young things enclosed by slats near enough together to keep the mother out, and far enough apart to let the young ones in.

The colonel ordered food for them all, while the children looked on with great interest. The little white fellows appeared so bewitching while drinking their milk, that Ruth reached down her hands and picked up one. It struggled and squealed, and this cry of distress excited its mother, and created an uproar in all the pens. Ruth declared they were very cunning, but not so pleasant to handle as were the guinea-pigs.

"You see," said the colonel, "that pigs know something. They know when a little fellow squeals from hunger, and when he squeals from distress."

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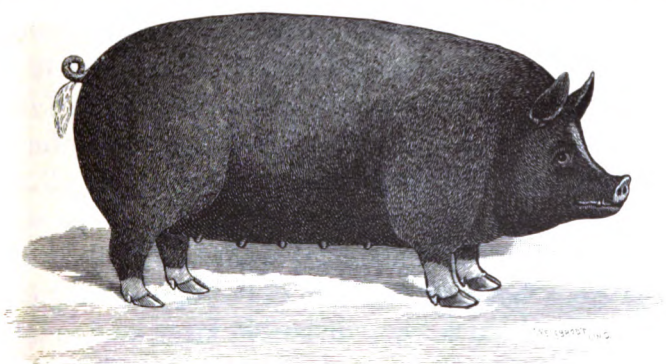
PART 2.

"THESE are Chester White pigs," explained the colonel. "They are an American breed, and were first raised in Chester county, Pennsylvania. And these," he continued, passing to the next pen, "are Poland-China pigs, another American variety that originated near your home



Berkshire Pig.

in southern Ohio. You can see the two kinds are much alike in form. They have drooping ears, short noses and legs, and round bodies. The Chesters are white, but the Poland-Chinas are black with white spots, and for this reason are better liked by some farmers."

At the next pen the children shouted with delight. The pigs were Berkshires, black as coal, except a white strip down the face, white

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feet, and a white tuft of hair on the tip of the curly tail. The faces dished so gracefully, the bodies were so plump, and the little pigs danced about so roguishly, that Joel confessed that he should never dislike pigs again.

"And you will find, my lad," said the colonel, "that if you give pigs the same chance, they will keep themselves as neat as horses or dogs. These Berkshires are an English breed that has been cultivated for a hundred years or more. And these," he remarked, looking into the next pen, "are Suffolks or small Yorkshires, a kind still older than the Berkshires, and very pretty fellows they are, as you see, for white pigs."

"And now," the colonel went on, "I will show you the common hog from which all these fine hogs have descended." He opened a gate, and up started a bevy of swine, large and small, which, seeing the strangers, with a bursting grunt, scattered to the remote corner of the clover field.

"What dreadful looking creatures they are," exclaimed Dora. "Such long noses and long legs; and they are not so round as the others. They are like the pigs we saw at Oakland, only they are cleaner. Indeed, they are almost like the wild boar."

"You're right," said the colonel, "they are not so attractive as my pets are. We call them

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'landshads,' 'railsplitters' or 'subsoilers.' They are the native hogs, which have had their own living to pick and dig; therefore they need long noses and long legs. Turn those pretty Berkshires loose in the woods and make them get their own living, and in a very few generations their descendants will have as long noses and legs as these."

They returned to the house, and the colonel showed them a picture of the wild boar. "This is the animal from which all tame pigs have come," he said. "By care and kindness, through hundreds of years, men have made the Berkshires and Suffolks from these fierce looking creatures."

Colonel Mayfield gave Dora Perry a little book containing stories about the intelligence of the pig. And Mrs. Mayfield put into Ruth's delighted hands a little basket which inclosed a pair of young guinea-pigs. Reaching his hand up to a nail on the wall of his library, Colonel Mayfield took down something that looked like a small French horn, only it was not of brass.

"Here is something," he said to Joel, "which I will give to you. It has always been said that you can not make a whistle of a pig's tail. But here is a very good whistle which one of my men made from the tail of a Berkshire. Blow it, my boy, and remember there are some things

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that may be done, though every body says they can not be done."

The children returned home greatly pleased with the day's experiences.

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40. THE RIVER PIG.

THE hippopotamus is found in most of the rivers of Africa which empty into the Atlantic or Indian Ocean; but in none, except the Nile, of those which empty into the Mediterranean. It is a very clumsy, awkward animal, remarkable chiefly for its enormous head and short legs. The male is much larger than the female. A full grown male sometimes reaches the size, though not the height, of the elephant.

The feet are curiously constructed for walking among the reeds and mud of the river bottom, and for swimming with ease. The hoof is divided into four short, clumsy toes; and the animals are able, by their broad feet, to walk rapidly even through the mud.

The color of the skin is a clayey yellow. In the grown animal the color is a little darker. The skin of an adult hippopotamus is from one and a half to two inches thick. These animals unite in herds of from two to thirty. After they have chosen a spot, they like to remain there

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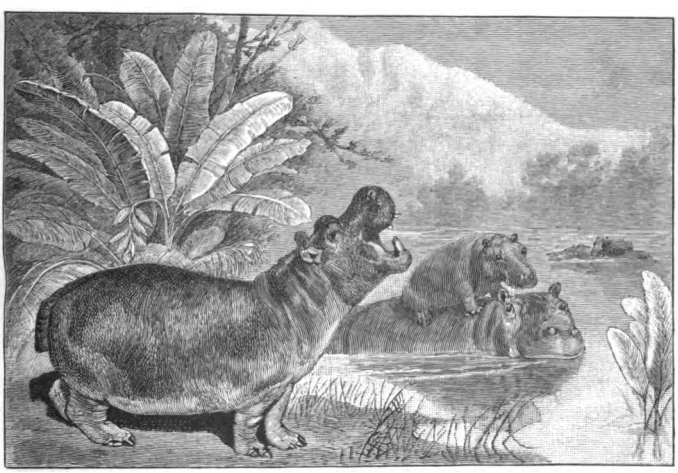
day after day, and month after month, unless they are disturbed or their food becomes scarce.

They choose shallows in the rivers where the depth of the water will cover them when standing. There they remain all day, swimming off into deep places, diving for their grassy food, or gamboling in the rivers. From time to time



Hippopotami.

they throw up a stream of water two or three feet high. It is pleasant to watch a herd peacefully sporting, when they have two or three young ones among them.

Some of the little fellows look very small, and are comically awkward. They chase each other about the shoals or play about their dams; and

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I have often seen them seated on the backs of their mothers in the water. How careful their mothers seemed to be, when they were swimming about and carrying their young in this way.

When playing in the water the hippopotamus makes a noise very much resembling the grunt of a pig. This grunt it utters, also, when alarmed by the approach of man. How often I have studied their habits. I was once concealed on the bank of a river, under a very shady tree, watching them. Suddenly, not far from me, two huge beasts rose, as if by enchantment, to the surface of the water, and rushed headlong toward each other.

Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their utmost capacity, showing their huge, crooked teeth, which gave their mouth a savage appearance. Their eyes were flaming with rage, and each of them put forth all his power to destroy the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks, wounding and tearing each other in a frightful manner, and breaking out in occasional loud gruntings.

The combat lasted an hour. It was a grand sight. The water around them was sometimes white with foam. At last one turned about and made off, leaving the other master of the field. A few days after, I killed a hippopotamus, and

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found its skin terribly torn. Doubtless it was one of the beasts I had seen fighting.

The meat tastes not unlike beef. It is rather coarse-grained, and, in the case of this animal, it was not fat. It makes a welcome dish. I tried to have some steaks; but I must say they were rather tough. The broth was better, and I enjoyed it very much. There was something novel in having hippopotamus soup.

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41. OUR OLD COW AND HER NEAR RELATIONS.

PEOPLE call her "old," though she may be young, because she is dear to the family. It is difficult to see how the children could be brought up without her. She turns hay and grass into milk for her calf, having a large portion to spare for the children. During thousands of years the old cow has grazed in the rich man's herd, or has stood at the poor man's gate, waiting to bless and to be blessed.

Among the home cows of different countries there are some odd-looking ones. The Hungarian cow has long, straight horns. The zebu, or sacred cow of India, carries a queer hump on her shoulders. The Yak of Thibet has extremely long hair. The Yak runs wild, like our bison, but it is tamed for family use, and answers the

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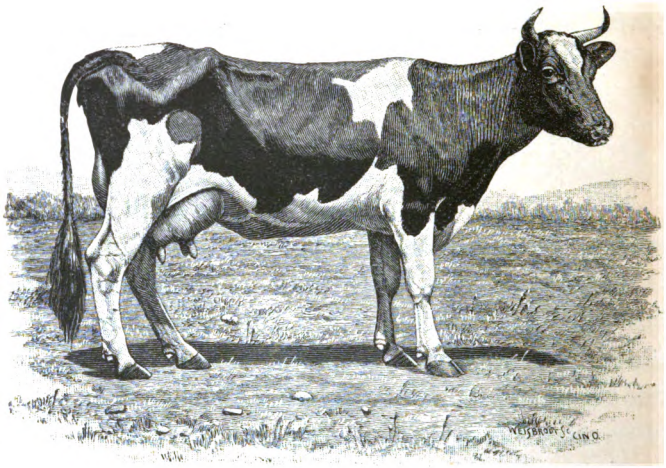
call of the little dairy-maid. Cæsar, who conquered Gaul, is said to have found in the forest cattle as large as elephants.

Other cattle, half wild, some with long horns and some with short horns, were the companions of the ancient dwellers of Europe. From these, it is supposed, has descended our old cow. She



Holstein Cow.

is not handsome, but her eye is soft and gentle, especially so when she is chewing her cud. Her form is usually unattractive. Her horns may be long, or they may be crumpled, or she may be a mulley and have no horns.

The cow or the ox may live twenty years. Cattle furnish for our necessities butter, cheese,

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labor, and at least nine other useful articles which may be easily found out. A good common cow will yield from three to five gallons of milk, or will produce a pound of butter each day during a portion of the year.

Our old cow has some fine relations that have been kept in distinct families for a great many generations. Some of these, dressed in their best clothes, were seen by the Perrys at the State Agricultural Fair. There was a great circular space or show ring into which the families were led. First came the Ayrshires. They are a Scotch family, have rather long, spreading horns, and, in color, are red and white. They yield a large quantity of milk and butter.

Then came large black and white cows with short, curved horns and immense udders. They are the Dutch or Holstein cows. They were brought from the lowlands of Holland, where dairy-maids milk the cows, and where the cow-stable joins the kitchen and is kept as clean as the kitchen. The owner of these cows showed one animal which produced more than twenty-six thousand pounds of milk in one year, or an average of over eight gallons a day.

No cow will yield much milk or butter without a plenty of food; nor can she produce rich milk or butter without rich food. The best cow is one that makes the most of her food.

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PART 2.

BUT who are these? They are nimble and bright, with small heads, prominent black eyes, small, dark horns, and black noses encircled by light fillets. Their hoofs, their tongues, and the switches of their tails are nearly black; and their bodies are clothed with a soft fawn or squirrel-colored coat. A few of them only have spots of white. Ah! these are the Jerseys. The Perrys know them at once, for they saw dainty little Jerseys at Colonel Mayfield's.

The Jersey family came from the island of the same name in the English Channel. Near by this island are two other islands called Alderney and Guernsey. At first, a few of these cattle were shipped to this country from Alderney, and from this circumstance many people have been accustomed to call the Jerseys Alderneys.

The Guernsey cows are larger than the Jerseys, and are not so handsome. They have large heads, light-colored noses, and parti-colored coats. The Channel Island cows, in their native homes, are tethered on the grass, tended, petted, and milked by dairy-maids, and are kind and gentle. All give extremely rich milk, which makes deeply colored, golden butter.

Matilda 4th, a superior Jersey, during one

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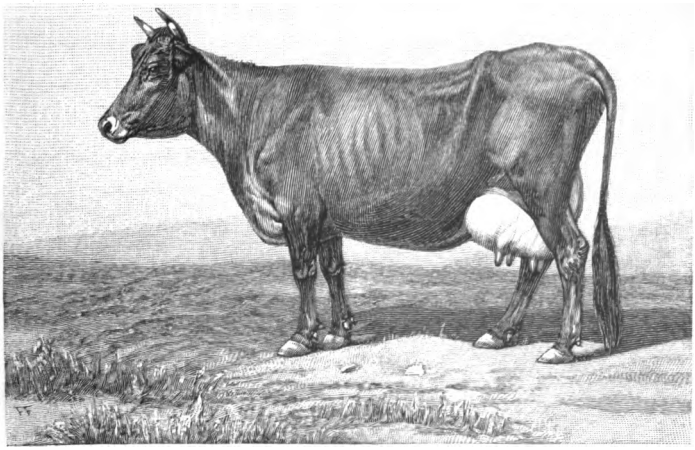
month, produced an average of twenty-six pounds and four ounces of butter a week. Her yield for the year was nine hundred and fifty pounds.

The Perry children were greatly pleased with the beef families. The round, dark-red Devons, with graceful white horns, came stepping along



Jersey Cow.

as lively as horses. They were originally from Devonshire in England. They are the best cattle for the yoke, and some of the cows are good for milk and butter. Following them were the showy Herefords, another English breed. Their white faces, white horns, and white breasts made a gay contrast with their blood-red coats.

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Lastly, the Durhams or Shorthorns waddled into the ring, as if their great, fat bodies were too heavy a load for them to carry. The coats of some of them were peppered with red and salted with white. They are called roan-colored. The most of them were deep, solid red, and are called Roses of Sharon. "What huge bodies! What little heads! What small horns!" the children all exclaimed. It was difficult to think of them as near relations of the common, homely old cow.

And then the Angus and the Galloway cattle appeared. They are Scottish breeds; are large, jet black, and polled or hornless.

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42. CUD-CHEWERS.

WHO would believe that there are school children in the large cities of America who have never seen a cow? Such children there certainly are. They live in narrow and crowded streets where Bos and her friends never come. They may have seen her picture, and may have read Mother Goose's account of "the cow with a crumpled horn." They may have tasted her milk; but beyond this they know little of a living cow.

Children in the country are more highly favored. They see cows every day. Let us ask

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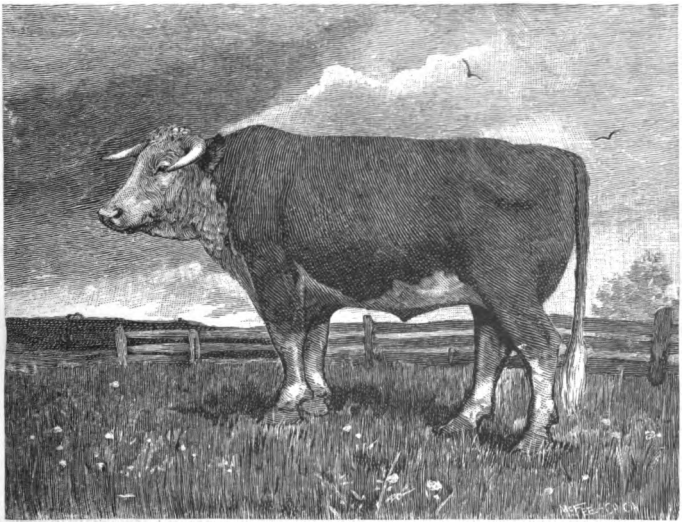
them how much they really know about the cow. They know that she has two horns; that she mows and hurries away her grass without waiting to chew it, and that she occasionally stops eating, pokes out her head and chews cud.



Hereford.

How many of them can tell whether the cow's horns are solid or are hollow; or how many toes she has on each foot; or how many nipping teeth, if any, she has on her upper jaw; or whether she has one stomach or more than one; or where the cud comes from which she chews, and where it goes after she has chewed it?

The cow has four stomachs, one of which is

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quite large. Into this stomach or paunch, as it is called, the grass is sent as soon as it enters the mouth. By this means she can gather her food in the daylight or in the cool of the day, and then when night comes or when the sun is hot, she can lie down and chew her cud.

The grass passes from the paunch into the second stomach, from which, in small parcels or balls, it is thrown up into the mouth. Here each mouthful is well chewed and mixed with saliva, and is then sent to the other stomachs, where it is thoroughly digested. Cows always appear happy when chewing their cud.

Besides the camel and the tame sheep and goats, all of which are chewers of cud, there are many kinds of wild animals which are cow-like. Among these are the buffaloes, the gnu, the wild sheep and goats, and the giraffe. It is a great comfort to these creatures to be able to pack away their food in a hurry and chew it at their leisure; indeed without this arrangement they could not live.

In the same manner do antelopes and deer enjoy the convenience of their pockets or large stomachs. They are timid creatures because they have strong, fierce enemies. They must gather their food slyly, quickly, and be off. So, when the daylight is abroad and the ferocious flesh-eaters thirsting for their blood are asleep,

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they slip softly into the open glades for their food. Quickly, nervously, with their ears and eyes open, they bite off their food and pack it away in their large pockets. Then away they skip like the wind to their secluded homes, where they eat over their food in safety. For the same reason deer, where they are in fear of hunters, hide in the day-time, and venture out by night in search of food.

PART 2.

THE buffalo lives in South Africa, and is cunning and dangerous. He hides in the bushes, and watches for the hunter. When the hunter is passing his hiding-place, out dashes this furious beast, often throwing his enemy into the air by the use of his great horns.

Our American bison, which is commonly called the buffalo, is not dangerous unless he is worried or wounded. The full-grown bull may weigh as heavy as two thousand pounds. In early times buffaloes abounded in the Eastern States. About a hundred years ago Daniel Boone shot a buffalo in Virginia. Bisons move in great herds, especially when they seek watering places. Thousands of them have been killed for their hides, and they are rapidly disappearing from the plains of the west.

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Deer are shy, and seek safety from harm by the swiftness of their slender legs and nimble feet. The red deer is the common one of Europe. The male has branching horns or antlers. The young fawns, until the first shedding of their

African Buffaloes.

coats, are spotted. Nearly like the red deer is the Virginia deer which abounds in the wild forests of America. The spotted deer, seen at the animal gardens, is the fallow deer of England or the axis deer of India. The scent of all animals

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of this kind is very keen, and to avoid it the hunter sometimes climbs a tree where he waits for his game to pass.

The moose or elk is large, the male being as high as an ordinary horse. He has a great, ugly head, carrying immense horns, which are flattened out like broad palms. It is difficult to hunt the moose with success. At the slightest crackling of the leaves he starts and is away.

Red Deer.

The reindeer of Lapland is more clumsy than the common red deer. The hoofs are large, and the hind toes or dew claws almost touch the ground. There are both wild and tame reindeer, and both kinds love to gather in great herds. Of the tame kind, the rich Northman sometimes has a herd of forty or fifty thousand. Harnessed to a sledge, the reindeer can travel over the frozen snow a hundred miles in a day.

To the Laplander his reindeer is at once a horse, a cow, a sheep, and a goat. From the

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milk cheese is made. The flesh is food. The skins and sinews are used for clothing, and the antlers are shaped into useful tools. In Kamchatka the natives saddle and ride the reindeer, and make him a beast of burden.

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43. MOOSE-HUNTING.

In the North-west Territory of British America, in the region of the Peace River, is a vast home of many kinds of wild beasts which have disappeared from the more settled portions of the country. Here abound the moose—shy creatures with mulish-looking heads and ears. They are sometimes caught in snow-yards or driven into corrals, but the regular hunt for the moose is difficult.

Captain Butler, who was well acquainted with the Peace-River country, describes the way in which the Indians hunt the moose.

No man save the Indian or the half Indian can hunt the moose with a chance of success. Hunting the moose in summer and winter is one thing; killing him in a snow-yard or running him down in deep snow is another. The two methods are as widely different as killing a salmon, which another man has hooked for you, is different from hooking one yourself.

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To hunt the moose requires years of study. Here is the little game which his instinct teaches him. When the early morning has come he begins to think of lying down for the day. He has been feeding on the gray and golden willow tops as he walked leisurely along. His track is marked in the snow or soft clay; he carefully retraces his footsteps, and breaking off suddenly to the leeward side, lies down a gun-shot from his feeding track. He knows he must catch the wind of any one following his trail.

American Moose.

In the morning, Twa-poos, or the Three Thumbs, sets forth to look for a moose. He hits the trail and follows it; every now and then he examines the broken willow tops or the hoof-marks. When experience tells him that the moose has been feeding here during the early night, Twa-poos quits the trail, bending away in a deep circle to leeward. Stealthily he returns to the trail, and as stealthily bends away again from it. At each return to it he examines attentively the willows, and judges how near he is to the game.

At last he is so near that he knows for an

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absolute certainty that the moose is lying in a thicket a little ahead. Now comes the trying moment. He removes every article of clothing that might cause the slightest noise in the forest. Even his moccasins are laid aside, and then on the tips of his toes he goes forward for the last trial. Every bush is now closely watched; every thicket is examined. See! he stops all at once. You who follow him look, and look in vain; you can see nothing. He laughs to himself and points to yon willow covert. No, there is nothing there.

He noiselessly cocks his gun. You look again and again, but you can see nothing. Then Twa-poos suddenly stretches out his hand and breaks a little twig from an overhanging branch. In an instant right in front, thirty or forty yards away, an immense dark-haired animal rises up from the willows. He gives one look in your direction, and that look is his last. Twa-poos has fired, and the moose is either dead in his thicket or within a hundred yards of it.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, gliding in a boat down a small river in the same country, describes another moose-hunt:

We were being borne pleasantly along by the strong and steady current when, hush! "there's a moose," said Charlie, and no one dared to trust Charlie's keen vision. The splashing oars

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are silenced; all eyes are turned away from stream, and hill, and wood, and are centered in one direction. Sure enough, there it is at some distance down the river's bank, close by the river's edge.

Eager hands grasp the rifles, for we have been hoping for a chance like this. The boat drops quietly down the current, each head is bent low, we draw nearer and nearer, and we will soon be within safe and easy range. No! surely, it can not be! Yes it is—a great, brown rock! A growl of disappointment, then a general roar, and a proposal to present Charlie with a pair of spectacles, and our solitary moose-hunt is over.

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44. WILD REINDEER.

THE reindeer is about the size of the common red deer. His legs are much shorter, and his hoofs spread more widely. His dew-claws are very long and nearly touch the ground. This makes him sure-footed. His gait, like that of the moose, is a swift trot.

The wild reindeer, in his native snows, is seldom visited by civilized man; and it is a thing to be remembered during life to have seen him there. Climb the precipices of that rugged

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mountain chain that forms the backbone of Norway. Here and there a little reindeer moss fills the crevices of the shattered rocks, and this is all that is green in a wilderness of rocks and snow.

You must plunge through the soft snow above your knees for many a weary mile. Suddenly, turning around a rocky cliff, the guide makes a quick movement with his hand, and whispers the single word "reins!" pointing, as he couches down, to those black specks on the white mountain-side fully two miles off. Now all is excitement. The telescope distinctly makes them out—an old buck above, as guard and watcher; a doe and her calf a little lower down.

Reindeer.

What caution now is necessary in hunting the noble game! There is a broad valley to cross full in their view. You must creep low and in line, concealing your rifles, lest the flashing of the sun on the gun-barrels betray you; and you

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must not speak except in the gentlest whisper. The valley is securely crossed. One more obstacle is to be overcome. There is a brawling torrent to be waded, and then you will be among the rocks.

Has the buck caught scent of you on the wind? He springs to his feet, shakes his spreading antlers, and sniffs the air, then walks leisurely up the hill-side, followed by his family, and all disappear over the rocky ridge.

Now is the time for speed! Up, up the hill! Scramble under, over, through the great, loose fragments, but noiselessly, silently, for the game are probably not far off. Now you are at the rock over which you saw them go. The guide peeps cautiously over and beckons. Then he lies down on the snow, and wriggles from rock to rock to get around where he may drive the game toward you. The deer are still busy munching the moss which they scrape from beneath the snow.

A few minutes of breathless excitement. The hunter shows himself on yonder peak. The noble buck trots majestically towards you, his head thrown up, and his fine horns spreading far on each side of his back. He stops—snuffs—starts; but too late! The rifle-ball has sped, his hoofs are kicking up the blood-stained snow, and he is dead.

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45. A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

Down from a mountain's craggy brow
His homeward way a hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below
At the side of a leaping brook.
Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broidered moccasin;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And pouch and horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward; soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood,
Slanting over the wooded vale;
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play—
Watching the swing on the chestnut-bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep cry!
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely waked as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side.

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Over the valleys the echo died,
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.
She spanned the torrent at a bound,

And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled as the cry of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell louder on her ear!
And, pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by;
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the staghound's cry.
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched at the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound;
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
Came on the exulting hound:
Yet baffled, stopped to bay and glare

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Far from the torrent's bound!
For the weeping fawn still crouching there
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

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46. CATCHING BUFFALO CALVES.

A FEW weeks since, Ike Trafton and several companions fitted up a sort of cage, and went to the hunting grounds on the Platte River to see if they could capture a load of buffalo calves. One of the party wished to try the experiment of taming a few young buffaloes. The chase proved a success, owing chiefly to Ike's strength and pluck, and to the intelligence and speed of Spicy, his horse.

During the night, troops of buffaloes (or more correctly, bisons), began to pass the hunter's camp on their way to water; doubtless choosing the night because they had recently been hunted by day. It was curious to see them on their march. Slowly and majestically they stalked along, about half as fast as a man's walk, with a patriarch as leader. Had they not come with the wind, their strong sense of smell would have warned them of danger when within three miles; as it was, they came very near.

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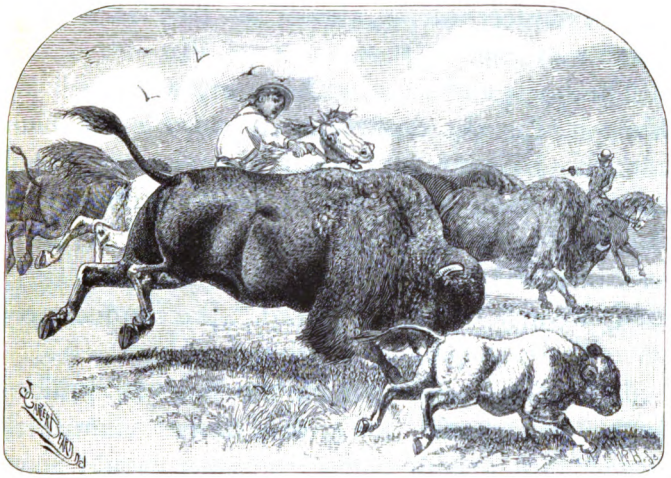

American Bisons.

Only Spicy's head was seen by them, as he looked over the low hillock behind which he was picketed. The motion of the horse's head aroused their attention, and their captain was heard to give a low command. In an instant every hoof rested upon the earth. When the leader had satisfied himself that no mischief was brewing, he said "Boo!" and the march was resumed. Every troop that passed did as the first had done.

When a herd comes within smelling distance of water it becomes excited. The speed increases. Faster and faster it goes. All the tails begin to rise. When the water is quite near every tail stands straight out, and the whole

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herd thunders along almost as fast as a good horse can run.

The horses of Ike and his party were well fed while it was yet dark, and at sunrise the hunt began. Several full-grown animals were shot down for their meat, the hunters dashing into the herd and using their revolvers. A large calf, of perhaps eight months old, was noticed to hang wearily behind the herd. Ike immediately gave chase, hoping to capture it unhurt.

The plains abound with the holes of prairie-dogs, and should a careless horse chance to prance into one of them, the rider would have a dangerous fall; particularly if an enraged buffalo were pursuing. But Spicy had been reared on the plains, and, like all such animals, had learned to avoid both the thorns of the cactus and the dog-holes.

Spicy's superior speed soon left the hunters behind. The calf showed signs of distress, and often staggered and stumbled. Ike thought it sick; but he learned later that it only acted as all buffalo calves act when pursued just after drinking. It soon came to a stand, turned, erected its tail, and charged its pursuer. Three or four times Spicy jumped entirely over the calf.

At length the horse stood still, and received the blow in his shoulder. At the same time Ike clutched its shaggy topknot, slid to the ground,

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caught hold of one hind and one fore leg, and threw the calf in a moment. Taking a strap from his horse's bridle, and sitting upon the calf's body, he tied its feet securely. There was great rejoicing over the first capture. In all, the hunters took eleven calves.

47. WILD AND COW-LIKE.

ANTELOPES, like the cow, chew cud, and have divided hoofs with dew-claws. They have hollow horns which are not, like the horns of the deer, lost and renewed. Like the deer, they are mostly fleet of foot, and keen of scent and sight.

In Africa, the home of wild beasts, there are large, heavy, ox-like antelopes called elands. Most antelopes, however, are small and light, and run by bounding from the ground, as if their legs were made of steel springs. They live in companies, and have some ways which are like those of the sheep. Their stupidity and curiosity often cost them their lives, which their swift feet might easily save.

African Springbok.

When any thing startles them, instead of run-

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ning far away, they jump a short distance, and then turn about to see what is the matter. This foolish action presents their faces to the deadly bullet of the hunter. Their flesh is not so palatable as is the meat of the deer, on account of the flavor of musk which it always has.

The gazelle of North Africa weighs only seventy pounds. His color is so nearly like the color of the sandy desert that it is difficult to discover him. The yellow skin is as sleek as satin. The head is adorned by two curved black horns and by a pair of large, soft, jet-black, bright eyes.

The Arabs chase the gazelle with the greyhound. At first, the supple, airy things fly away like pigeons, leaving the hounds behind. Then they fall victims to their folly. They stop short. They turn about to see the fun of the running dogs, and, in their joy, bound up from the ground again and again until they are tired. Meanwhile, the dogs have surrounded and made them prisoners.

The springbok of South Africa is the favorite of the hunter. It is gayly dressed in dark and white colors. "It will allow any dog, except a greyhound, to approach near to it, when all at once it will spring with a leap into the air, and alighting six feet away, will leap up again, like an india-rubber ball, bounding and rebounding

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from the earth. And so, resting and bounding the chase goes on, till the antelope, weary of the sport, makes off completely, and becomes a mere speck on the distant plain."

Chamois of the Alps.

The chamois-skin, used for rubbing furniture, calls to mind the little goat-like antelope of the Swiss Alps. The chamois gather in small herds, and one of the females stands out from the rest as a watchman. When danger approaches, she gives a whistling noise and stamps with her foot. Cloven-footed and sharp-clawed, they climb up dangerous and steep places where men dare not go. They also slide down precipices, striking on their horns without injury.

PART 2.

THE only antelope found in America is the prong-horn of the Rocky Mountains. It is a queer animal. Its horns are hollow, and yet they are divided or pronged; and the covers or

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sheaths of the horns fall off and are renewed every year. Like others of its kind, the prong-horn is foolish and suffers by its curiosity.

The hunter ties a handkerchief to the muzzle of his gun, and holds it up in plain sight. The prong-horn must see what this strange thing is. So it approaches nearer and nearer, until within range of the rifle, when bang! the gun fires, and the antelope usually falls.

African Gnu.

The gnu of South Africa is a singular animal. It has the habits of an antelope, but it looks like several other animals. It has the horns and hoofs of the African buffalo, with a mane and a tail like those of the horse. It is sometimes called the horned horse, and is frequently found in company with wild asses and zebras.

The giraffe is called the camelopard, because it was once thought that its head resembles the head of the camel, while its skin, being spotted, looks like the skin of the pard or leopard. The

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giraffe is not quite an antelope, nor yet quite like a deer. Its horns are like those of the antelope, and its feet are like the feet of a cow. It is interesting to watch the cud as it climbs up through the long neck to the mouth. The giraffe is the tallest of all animals. The male is twelve feet high at the shoulder, and, in some cases, twenty feet to the crown of his head.

The giraffe lives on the plain near the edge of the forest. It feeds on the foliage of trees. With its sharp eyes lifted high, it can readily watch the movements of its two enemies—man and the lion. Its gait, when running, is awkward but swift. Its kick is terrible. The skin is very thick, and makes valuable leather. The bones of its legs are hard and are made into buttons. The Arabs use the sinews of the legs for thread, and for the strings of their musical instruments.

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48. THE PETERKINS AT THE MENAGERIE.

In the afternoon, all the family came together in the entry, ready to go to the menagerie—the little boys in their india-rubber boots.

"The giraffe," said Mr. Peterkin, "is the same as the camelopard. Can any one tell me more about him?"

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Giraffe.

"The camel is sometimes called the ship of the desert," said one of the little boys.

"Let Agamemnon speak first," said Mr. Peterkin, "he was a week in college and ought to know."

"The fore legs of the camelopard," began Agamemnon, "are much longer than the hind legs, which are very short."

"It must look like a rabbit," said Mrs. Peterkin.

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"Yes, Mamma," they all said.

"But then," said Solomon John, "I think the fore legs of the rabbit are short, and the hinder ones long."

"We can easily see," said Mr. Peterkin; "we can go and look at our own rabbits."

"Yes," cried the little boys," "let us all go and see our rabbits." So they went to the rabbit-hutch, at the very end of the garden.

"You are right," said Mrs. Peterkin, "their hind legs are long. How very singular an animal must look made the other way." On the way back through the garden Mr. Peterkin asked some more about the camelopard or giraffe.

"It feeds on the leaves of trees," said Solomon John. "It is tall enough to crop them."

Mrs. Peterkin stopped and exclaimed, "An animal like a rabbit turned the other way, tall enough to feed on the leaves of trees! Solomon John, you must be mistaken!"

"The trees in their country," said Elizabeth Eliza, "are not so high, perhaps."

"Do let us go and see," cried the little boys impatiently.

"Well," said Mr. Peterkin, "perhaps we had not better wait any longer."

They all went out into the street, and walked along in a row. There was a great crowd inside the tent, and Elizabeth Eliza thought she

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heard bears roar. The little boys stopped the first thing to see the monkeys.

"Papa," they asked, "do not monkeys usually have grinding organs?"

"I have seen them with grinding organs in the streets," said Mr. Peterkin, "but I should not expect it in a menagerie."

Mrs. Peterkin passed on to the ostrich. "Is this the giraffe?" she asked of the keeper.

"That is the ostrich; don't you see it is a bird?" cried Agamemnon.

"Let us stop and look at it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It does look like a camel, ma'am," said the keeper; "and, like the camel, it inhabits the desert. It will eat leather, grass, hair, iron, stones, or any thing that is given to it, and its eggs weigh over fifteen pounds."

"Dear me, how useful!" said Mrs. Peterkin. "I think we might keep one to eat up our broken crockery, and one egg would last for a week; and what a treasure to have at Thanksgiving!"

They soon came to the giraffe. "It is a tall animal," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

"It must be hard to ride him," said Solomon John, "there is such a slope from his head to his tail."

"He is quite different from a rabbit," said Mrs. Peterkin, "there is such a difference in the

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length of the legs, and this animal is very much taller than the rabbit."

The Peterkins staid at the menagerie till it was dark, asking many questions, and wondering at the strange animals they saw. At last, when they were outside the tent again, they counted up the children and found the little boys were missing. They all turned back to look for them. No little boys were found.

Mrs. Peterkin stopped a long time in front of the tiger's cage; the tiger looked quite wicked enough to have eaten the little boys, but the keeper explained to her that they could not have got in between the wires.

Elizabeth looked closely among the monkeys, but could not find the little boys. She would have known them by their rubber boots. A number of stray little boys were brought to her, but they were not the right ones. She was filled with the blackest fears, and wanted to sit right down and cry; but the postmaster came along, and persuaded Mrs. Peterkin to go home.

Meanwhile, the postmaster and Mr. Peterkin were to walk around the inclosure, and two policemen were to pass through the middle. This was done, and the parties met in a place behind the tent of the two-headed woman. And just there, sitting on a log, were the two little boys, each eating an apple tart.

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49. MARY WHO HAD THE LITTLE LAMB.

MOST of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery song of "Mary had a little Lamb," is a true story, and that Mary is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester county, Massachusetts.

Merino Sheep.

She was very fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep. One day they found a baby lamb which was thought to be dead. Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and as it seemed to breathe, she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly.

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Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong. Soon after this it was able to run about. It knew its own mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side.

One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it staid until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, when the lamb walked quietly after her. The other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out.

Soon after this, a young student, named John Rollstone, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb, and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep, and lived for many years. When at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it, that her mother took some of its wool, which was "white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb, and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary

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took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston.

As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it. So the stocking was raveled out, and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which Mary wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars.

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50. SHEEP AND GOATS.

As the story of Cinderella and the Slipper teaches something about human nature, so the story of Mary and her lamb shows something about both human and sheep nature. The sheep is the most helpless and defenseless of all the domestic animals. Except for the kindness and care of little Mary the lamb must have perished.

During many hundreds and even thousands of years, sheep have been kept by shepherds. They have depended upon the shepherd to find their feeding places. In this way the sheep family have lost the wit which belongs to animals that are obliged to search for their own food.

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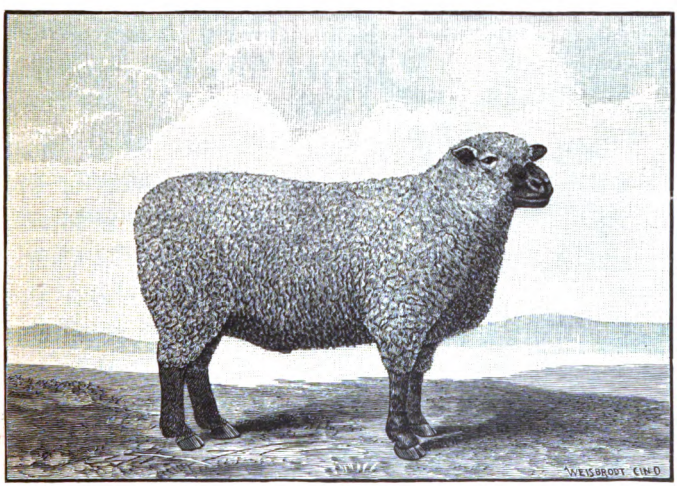
They have also looked to the shepherd for protection from their enemies. This has caused them to grow stupid.

The dog defends himself with his teeth; the kitten scratches up a tree where the dog can not catch her; the cow drives the dog before her lowered horns; the horse punishes his foes with



Southdown Sheep.

his hoofs; and the antelope darts away from its enemy like an arrow. But the poor sheep can neither run nor fight. It has lost both the weapons and the courage necessary for defense. The ewe can not protect her lamb. When in trouble, the shepherd, or the sheep-dog, or some kind Mary must bring her help.

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Sheep are so timid that, when they are alarmed, they only huddle together. Those in the middle of the crowd alone feel safe. They are afraid of strangers. They trust none but their own shepherd. "They hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."

There are many kinds of sheep. The most ancient family, descended from the sheep of the patriarchs, is the Merino. The Merino is small, weighing about eighty pounds. Its wool is short, very fine, and lies in folds or ruffles about the body. Its fleece will weigh from seven to fifteen pounds. The Merino ram has large, spiral horns. This family is called "fine-wooled sheep," and comes to us from Spain.

The Southdown is a middle-wooled sheep, and is famous for its mutton. It weighs twice as much as the Merino, produces a less weight of wool, and is without horns. Its head and legs are nearly black. The Leicester and Cotswold are long-wooled sheep. They weigh more than the Southdown, and when in full fleece, appear very large. Their fleece is coarse, and is not so heavy as is that of the Merino. These large

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sheep have white faces and are hornless. All the large sheep originated in England.

The tame sheep has some strange wild cousins. One of these is the Big-horn of the Rocky Mountains. There is much hair mixed with the very short wool of these sheep. They are good climbers and jumpers, and their flesh is excellent. The male may weigh three hundred aud fifty pounds. His horns are large, each measuring around the curve more than two feet.

Rocky Mountain Big-horn.

The Musk sheep or Musk ox, of Arctic America, is a little larger than a Cotswold sheep. Its long, hairy coat is fine, and is used by the Esquimos for various purposes. The flesh is much like venison, and is not strong in the flavor of musk. Musk sheep live in small herds and feed upon mosses and grasses. The herd places a sentinel on duty, who stamps and snorts when danger is near.

It is easy to see that goats are different from

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sheep, but it is not so easy to describe the difference. Some goats have hair alone, and others wear a large amount of wool. The appearance of the common goat we know. His horns, his beard, his short, erect tail, his strong legs and high hoofs, all mark him as different from the sheep.

The disposition of the goat, as everybody knows, is not like that of the sheep. He is not timid. When the ram of the sheep butts, he dashes straight forward on the ground. The Billy-goat, as boys often find out, rises upon his hind legs, throwing himself down and partly sideways upon his enemy. The goat is often the poor man's cow, and the skins of kids are made into fine morocco and into kid gloves. In the Central Park in New York, trained goats are driven to small carriages, and add greatly to the pleasure of children. The goat has more intelligence than the sheep.

Angora Goat.

The Cashmere goat of Thibet wears a long hair, under which a fine, soft wool grows, a half pound of which is gathered from a single animal, and sells at the rate of a dollar and a half a pound.

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Of this precious wool the cashmere shawls are made. Equally attractive is the Angora goat, which is at home about the city of Angora, in Asia Minor. It yields about two and a half pounds of fine, silky hair. The skin of this kind of goat, as prepared at the city of Morocco, is the genuine and valuable morocco leather.

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51. THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

If the desert may be called a sea of sand, then the camel is a good ship to sail over that sandy sea. The Arab proverb says: "His gait is so soft that you may drink a cup of coffee while you ride him." Some people, however, have thought camel-riding tiresome and unpleasant. This is because some camels ride easily, while others move roughly.

The desert is as dry as the ocean is wet. No animal, except the camel, can endure the crossing of its scorching sands, under the fierce burning of the tropical sun. If watered at night before starting, the camel can carry his load of five hundred pounds or more for two days, traveling a distance of a hundred miles before he drinks again. From Cairo in Egypt to Suez and Mecca is a great public road. Over this road

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camels are driven in long processions or caravans. A single caravan has contained six thousand camels.

Besides his load of freight or passengers, the camel carries food and drink for his driver and other riders. While he is moving, the Arabs often sleep on his back; and their women sometimes grind wheat and cook food on the deck of this dry ship. The distance from Cairo to Suez is eighty-four miles. The camel will perform this journey in twelve hours. When more than a mile away from a well he will smell the water, and then the whole caravan, almost like a herd of buffaloes, will rush for the well.

What a sober face he has! What an awkward neck! What an ugly hump on his back! What queer legs, and what odd feet! Some one has truly said that the camel is the ugliest and most necessary animal. He is fitted to his place. His legs are long, limber, and without a pound of flesh, except the necessary muscles. Each foot rests on a pad or cushion, and has two toes covered by hoofs.

There are also hard pads on the camel's breast, and on the joints of his legs, to protect the animal when he kneels to receive his burden. Like the cow, the deer, and the sheep, the camel is a cud-chewer. Unlike these animals he has two nipping teeth in his upper jaw. In the largest

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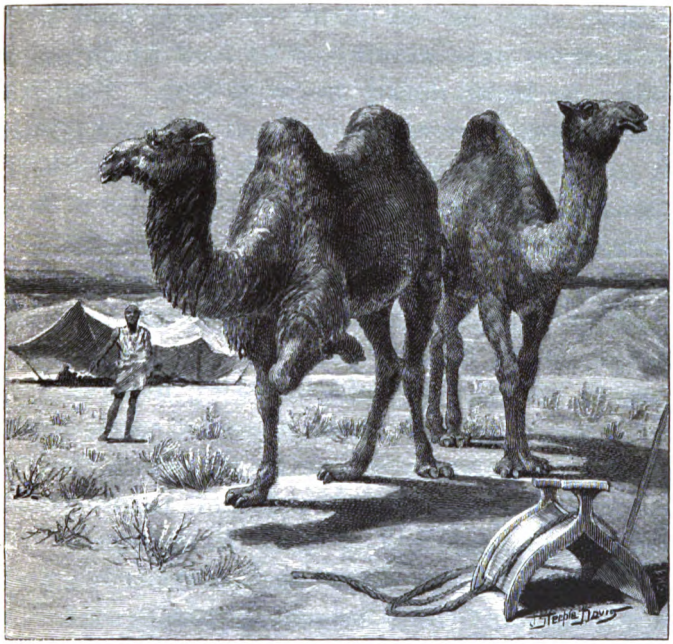

Bactrian Camel and Dromedary.

of his four stomachs are water-cells. These store away water, which at times rises to moisten the throat and to refresh the dry lips.

The camel of Africa and Arabia has a single hump, and is called the dromedary. The camel of Northern Persia is the Bactrian camel, and has two humps. The length of the dromedary is about ten feet, and the height seven feet. The Bactrian is larger than the dromedary. The camel's hump is a lump of fat, which increases

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rapidly when he has plenty of green food, and then serves as a store-house of food which nourishes the beast during his long fasts. Bactrian camels are used in harness and before wagons. A pair of them can draw a weight of over three thousand pounds a journey of fifty miles a day, without food, water, or rest.

The young camel or calf is raised among the children in the tent, and is separated from his mother when he is a year old. A ring is riveted in his nose to hold him with, if necessary, and he is taught to kneel when he receives his burden. He wears no bit in his mouth, but is guided by a single strap attached to his nose. When four years old he is fit for service.

Sometimes a camel becomes particularly angry at his master. Then he may be dangerous, but he is equally foolish. The Arab treats him in this way: He strips off his clothes and throws them down before the enraged beast and then hides behind him. The stupid animal dashes away at the clothes until his anger is satisfied, when the driver returns, puts on his abused garments, and the trouble is soon forgotten.

The milk of the camel is used by the Arabs as cow's milk. The flesh of the calf is delicate, like veal. The coat is colored like the sand of the desert. The long, coarse hair is made into halter ropes, sackcloth and tent covering. The

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cloth is water-proof; and this may be a reason why John the Baptist wore raiment of camel's hair when preaching in the wilderness. The softer wool, taken from the under parts of the camel, is woven into fine, costly shawls.

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52. MILK-GIVERS OF THE SEA.

THE young reader will observe, if he thinks about what he reads, that all the animals described in this little book give milk and suckle their young. Puppies, kittens, calves, and lambs are often seen in the act of taking nourishment from their mothers, or dams, as they are called.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that all milk-giving animals live exclusively on the ground. There is the bat, for example. How many think the bat is a bird because it flies in the air. But the bat is not a bird, and lays no eggs. It suckles its young, something which birds can not do. And besides these milkers of the air, there are milkers in the sea. Among these are the porpoises, that sport about ocean vessels; dolphins, sea-cows, and whales.

So often is whale-catching spoken of as whale-fishing, that a great many people suppose the whale is a fish. The whale, however, gives

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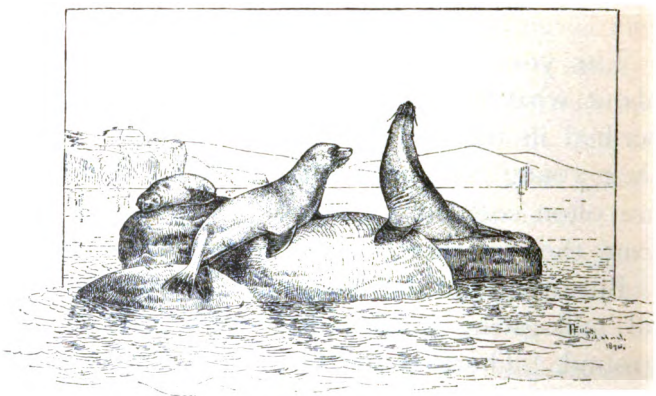
milk, and rears its young as the cow rears its calf. The fish is a water-breathing animal, and the whale, porpoise, seal, and sea-lion are air-breathing animals.

The seal and the sea-lion have four limbs, called flippers. These animals are from three to six feet long, and weigh from fifty to four hundred pounds, according to their age. The most



The California Sea-lion.

of us never see more of the seal than its finely-dressed skin, which is made into gloves and ladies' cloaks. The sea-lion is a familiar and noisy member of the zoological garden.

Feeding the sea-lions forms a pleasant attraction in the Cincinnati Garden. In a circular pond of water the sea-lion amuses itself, occasionally climbing upon the rock-work where it

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may be seen flopping its flippers and swaying its head from side to side. Its motion in the water is very swift. When it climbs out of the water it is so awkward in the use of its flippers that it seems as if they are not fastened on right.

By and by comes the man with a pail of fish, and crosses to a high platform in the middle of the pond. He pronounces the name of the animal, and away goes the sea-lion to a flight of stairs, and glides to the top of the platform as swiftly as a kitten. The man holds a fish as high as his arm will reach, when the lion rises on its hind flippers and catches the food as nimbly as a rat-terrier. Then a fish is thrown into the pond, when the lion bounds from the platform and swallows the fish almost as soon as it touches the water.

The sea-lion in the garden is the California sea-lion, and was brought from the Pacific coast where, as represented in the illustration, it is often seen upon the rocks lying off the shore.

Though appearing clumsy in the use of its flippers on the rock, in the water the sea-lion can swim at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Though it has a glaring eye and a fierce look, it is really a coward; and it is said that a boy with a pop-gun or a rattle can put ten thousand sea-lions to flight. Having seen the California animal you have almost seen the seal. The eye

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of the seal is mild, adorned with long lashes, and altogether very beautiful. The fur-bearing seal is, of course, covered with a thick, fine fur. Its home is in northern seas.

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53. MONKEYS AT HOME.

After reading of the delightful native homes of the monkeys, one wonders how these creatures can appear so cheerful in the sober cages where they are so constantly confined.

There are New World monkeys and Old World monkeys. Brazil is the principal native country of the former. It is a land of perpetual summer, of forests ever green, of rich, glossy foliage, of blooming flowers, of gorgeous birds and butterflies. The orange, the custard-apple, and the pine-apple abound. It is a nice place for monkeys. In this paradise of fruits and flowers live the spider monkeys, which are so bright and lively in the cages.

All monkeys have four hands, for their feet are made like hands. But the spider monkey and some of his cousins have five hands. How is that? Why, the tail is used as a hand. It can grasp a branch or another monkey's hand. Thus with hands, feet, and tails, they glide swiftly along the net-work of branches, like spiders run-

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ing over their webs. Or, hanging by their tails one beneath another, they sometimes make a monkey rope extending to the ground.

Not so lively as the spider monkey, but far more noisy, is the howling monkey. He, too, has a grasping tail; but he delights more in howling than in climbing. When the sun rises and when it sets, this boisterous songster sets up his cry, and then a great chorus, numbering perhaps forty or fifty of his companions, join him. The howlers are often caught, but never tamed. No monkeys, except those of South America, have grasping tails.

In Southern Asia, in the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and in Africa, are the homes of the Old World monkeys, of the baboons and of the apes. These monkeys use their tails for balancing when they pass along delicate or shaky branches. They have pockets or pouches in their cheeks, in which they pack their food when they are gathering it.

PART 2.

In the monkey house at the garden, after picking out the "spider" and other American monkeys by their handy tails, you may see the little green African monkey and the macaques from Southern Asia. These have prominent eyebrows,

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which overshadow their faces, and they are larger than many of the other kinds.

Walking about among his four-handed brethren on all fours, is a much larger animal. He has a head like the head of a dog. His face looks grave, even cross. His tail sticks out straight, and then bends down; and on each side of his tail is a bright, pink cushion for him to sit on. This fellow is the common African baboon. His legs and arms are of about equal length, and his feet rest flat on the ground. Hence he can walk like a dog.

Baboons live in troops, among rocks and mountains, and climb trees much less than monkeys do. They feed on berries, fruits, and insects which they find under stones. When attacked, while the males throw these stones at their enemies, the little baboons ride away on the backs of their mothers.

Monkeys are small and have long tails. Some of them have grasping tails, and some of them have pouches in their cheeks. Baboons are larger, and have shorter tails. They also have cheek-pouches. Apes are still larger, and have neither tails nor pouches. Monkeys, baboons, and apes have hands with four fingers and a thumb that can press directly against any of the fingers. The great toes of their feet are quite like thumbs, and upon both fingers and toes they have nails.

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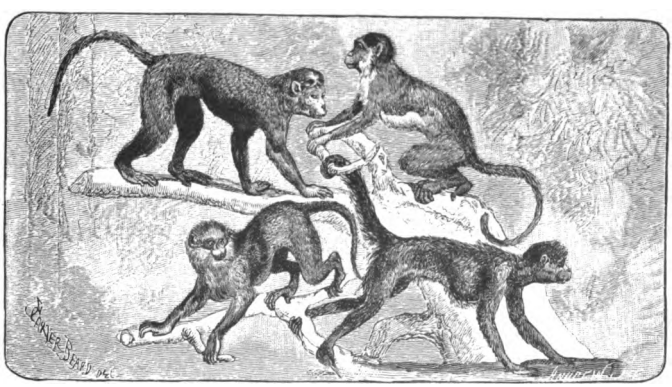
The apes include four kinds—the gibbon, the chimpanzee, the orang-outan, and the gorilla. They are more like human beings than are the monkeys. They often stand erect like men, and in their native countries the people are accustomed to call them wild men.



Macaque Monkey. Green Monkey.
Moustache Monkey. Spider Monkey.

The gibbon is a native of Sumatra, where grow the clove, the pepper, the cocoanut, the gigantic palm, and the great fern-tree. He has slender limbs, and is very agile. Clothed in a suit of smooth black, brown, or gray, he would be the dude among apes, were it not for his long arms which reach quite to his feet. He moves swiftly along the ground, swinging by his hands from branch to branch of the trees.

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In the same spicy, palmy Sumatra, and in Borneo, is found the orang-outan. He is more than four feet high, is robust and strong, has long arms, and when he walks touches the ground with his knuckles. Though very strong, he is not ferocious. His nest or hut is built in a tree about thirty feet from the ground. The chimpanzee and the gorilla live in Western and Central Africa.

About six centuries before Christ, Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage to the west coast of Africa, where he found troops of black, hairy creatures, which he supposed to be wild men and women. He called them gorillas. It was supposed that they ruled over the elephant and other great animals. Three of them were caught, but they were fierce and unmanageable. The gorilla is the largest of the apes, and in some respects the most like man.

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54. HOW MONKEYS ACT.

It would require a large book to record all the strange and funny acts of monkeys. Many descriptions, like the stories of the Arabian Nights, have been colored by the imagination of the writers. But enough truth can be gathered to show what wonderful creatures they are.

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Monkeys are not so polite as are dogs. But dogs have, for thousands of years, been the pupils of men. Monkeys, on the other hand, have always been schooled among wild beasts. No wonder they are saucy, impertinent, and greedy. Why they should be so curious, mischievous, playful, and full of mimicking which often brings them grief, it is not so easy to tell.

The men who are trying to catch the wild monkeys will sometimes suddenly come upon a troop under a tree. Away scamper the monkeys, like little sprites, to the top of the tree, where they peek through the foliage, and watch their pursuers. The men then put gloves on their hands, and take them off, repeating this operation several times.

Then leaving behind them on the ground several pairs of gloves with pitch in them, the men retire. Down come the monkeys and pull on the gloves, but alas! they can not get them off. Again the men rush upon them, and the monkeys try to scramble up the tree, but slip back and are caught.

Monkeys, like boys, know enough to learn by experience. They handle carefully a tool that has once cut them. One who had sometimes received bits of sugar wrapped in pieces of paper, was once offered a little package containing a wasp. When he unfolded the paper, the wasp

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stung him. Ever after that, before opening a package, he held it to his ear.

Monkeys throw sticks and stones at their enemies, and quickly learn the use of screws, levers, keys, and hammers. The bruh, a macaque monkey in Sumatra, is trained to pick cocoanuts, selecting only those that are ripe. In India a monkey works a large fan hung from the ceiling of a room. The African baboon is taught to guard his master's property, to drive horses and oxen, and to blow the bellows of the blacksmith. A young orang-outan has been taught to use a cup and a spoon, and to make its bed.

Even when wild, chimpanzees are sportive. They use a hollow tree for a drum to call the little ones to play, and when the youngsters are gathered the old folks sit around and watch them, correcting them if they do any thing out of the way. A kind of gibbon, called the woo-woo, is the only brute that can sing. It runs through the semitones of the octave with much accuracy. The gibbon will fold in his arms and soothe any companion that may be injured.

A New World monkey has been seen to wash the faces of her children in a brook. The female gorilla has died of grief over the loss of her infant, and orangs have begged the body of a dead companion. Monkeys carry food to their sick, and adopt and care for orphans.

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55. REMUS CROWLEY.

A DELIGHTFUL little fellow is Remus Crowley. He has become known to thousands of persons visiting the Central Park menagerie in New York City. *Mister* Crowley, they usually call him. The illustration presents his portrait which the artist has drawn from life. There is an air of thoughtfulness about his face. But his big ears, deep, upper lip, long arms, and that crooked thumb where a common great toe is expected—all show that he is not a man or a boy.

Mr. Crowley is nothing but an ape—a chimpanzee. He is about four years old, is nearly three feet high, and is expected to grow to a height of five feet. Except his face and the inside of his hands and the bottom of his feet, his whole body is covered with thick, black hair. The hair on his head is banged in front, and when his toilet is made, is parted in the middle.

In the summer season, and during exhibition hours, Crowley may be seen in his cage dancing on a spring-board, or entertaining the spectators with his antics, grimaces, and smiles. The changes of his countenance express his various feelings of joy, sorrow, or anger.

He is playful and mischievous, but not naughty or malicious. His food is simple, and consists

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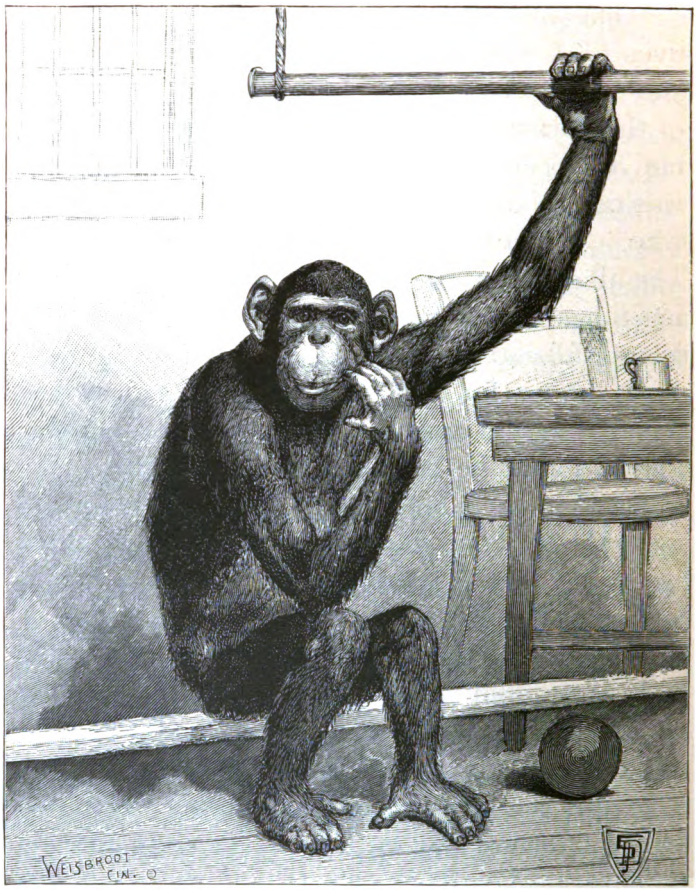

Remus Crowley.

largely of bananas and of milk. The history and some of the habits of this animal are kindly given by Superintendent Conklin, of Central Park. Mr. Conklin says:

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"The animal was captured by one of the natives of Central Africa near the Congo River, and was afterwards nursed by one of the women of that place. On the annual pilgrimage of the natives to the coast to sell ivory, young Crowley was carried along, and was sold to a Mr. Smythe, who was at that time on his way to America.

"Mr. Smythe took excellent care of it, keeping it in his sleeping cabin during his voyage here. On arriving in New York, June, 1884, it was about six months old. It was placed in charge of a special keeper, who has taught it to eat with a spoon, and with a knife and fork; to drink from a cup, and to use a napkin with more skill than many children.

"The winter of 1884–5 it contracted a severe cold, and had an attack of pneumonia. The treatment was similar to that human beings receive. It fully recovered from this attack and has not been ill a day since. It has lived longer in captivity than any other specimen of the species of which we have any knowledge.

"This summer we succeeded in procuring a female as a companion. The two have not yet been together, but see each other between the bars of the cage. Crowley's delight is to coax his companion to the bars, pretending to fondle her, and then to throw a handful of sawdust in her face."

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56. CAPTURE OF A YOUNG GORILLA.

I REMEMBER well the day when I first possessed a live gorilla. Yes, a gorilla that could roar; a young gorilla alive! He was captured not far from Cape St. Catharine, and dragged into Washington. My hunters were about five in number, and were walking very silently through the forest, when suddenly the silence was broken by the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. Every thing was still. It was about noon, and they determined to follow the cry.

Soon they heard the cry again. Gun in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly toward a clump of wood where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near. Presently they saw the bush moving, and crawling a little further on, in dead silence, they beheld what had seldom been seen even by negroes. A young gorilla was seated on the ground eating some berries.

Instantly, they made ready to fire; and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had to pull triggers without delay. Happily, they mortally wounded her. The young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother and clung to her, hiding his face and embracing her body. The

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hunters immediately rushed toward the two, hallooing with joy.

Their shouts roused the little one. He instantly let go of his mother, and ran to a small tree which he climbed with great agility. There he sat and roared at them savagely. They were now perplexed as to how they should get at him. At last they cut down the tree, and, as it fell, they threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded.

The little brute, though small and a mere baby, was astonishingly strong, and by no means good-tempered. They found that they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them, showing fight, and manifesting a strong desire to take a piece or several pieces out of every one of their legs.

So they were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his neck was inclosed in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. Thus he was brought to Washington.

The excitement of the village was intense, as the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come down the river. He roared, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could get at any of us he would take his revenge.

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I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and immediately set about having a cage made for him. In two hours we had built a strong bamboo house. We made it as strong as we could. In this cage he was immediately placed. And now for the first time, I had a fair chance to look at my prize. As I approached the cage he darted at me, and looked at me with savage eyes.

I named the gorilla Joe. He was evidently not three years old, but possessed extraordinary strength. His height was about three feet six inches. His hands and face were very black, and his eyes were sunken. The hair on his head was of a reddish-brown color. It began just at the eyebrows, and came down the sides of the face to the lower jaw, just as our beards grow.

The face was smooth and intensely black. The upper lip was covered with short, coarse hair which might be regarded as a moustache. There were eyelashes, too, though they were thin. The eyebrows were straight. Excepting the face and the palms of his hands and feet, his whole body was covered with hair. On the back the hair was of an iron-gray.

After I had carefully looked at the little fellow, and knew that he was safely locked in his cage, I ventured to approach him to say a few encouraging words. But, as I approached, he

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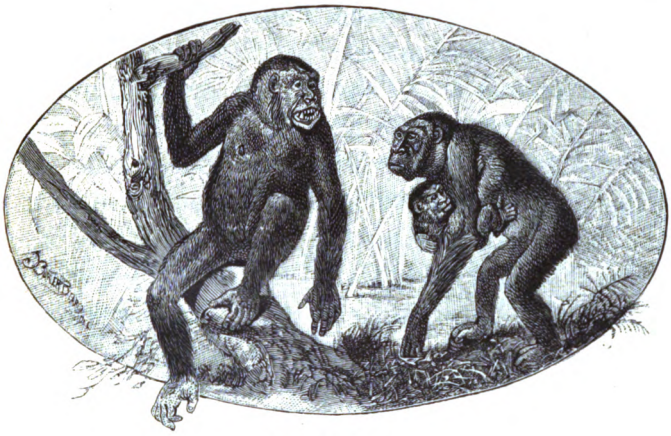

Gorilla Family.

bellowed, and made a violent rush at me. This taught me caution: I must not go too near.

I threw Joe pieces of pine-apple-leaves, and I noticed that he ate only the white part. There seemed to be no difficulty about his food as long as it was gathered from his native woods; but he refused all other kinds of food. He was very fond of bananas and ripe plantains.

PART 2.

HAVING time now to study him carefully, I asked, Shall I be able to tame him? I thought I should; but I was disappointed. He sat in his corner, looking wickedly out of his gray eyes, and I never saw a more morose or ill-tempered

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face than this little beast had. I do not believe that gorillas ever smile.

The second day I found Joe fiercer than the first. The third day he was still more savage. On the fourth day, while no one was near, the little rascal succeeded in forcing apart two of the bamboo sticks of his cage, and made his escape. I immediately got all the negroes together for pursuit. Where had he gone? I determined to surround the wood and re-capture him. Running into my house to get one of my guns, I was startled by an angry growl coming from under my low bedstead.

It was Master Joe; there was no mistake about it. I knew his growl but too well. He lay there hid, but anxiously watching my movements. I cleared out faster than I came in. I instantly shut the windows, and called to my people to guard the door. When Joe saw the black faces, he became furious, and with his eyes glaring, and every sign of rage in his little face and body, he got out from beneath the bed.

How to catch him was now a puzzling question. Peeping through the key-hole I saw him standing still in the middle of the room, looking about for his enemies, and examining the furniture. He had never seen such things before.

Finally, seeing that Joe was quiet, I dispatched

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some men for a net; and opening the door quickly, I threw this over his head. He roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction. I took hold of the back of his neck; two men seized his arms, and another his legs. Thus held by four strong men, we could hardly manage Joe.

We carried him to the cage, and once more locked him in. I never in my life saw such a furious beast as he was. He darted at every one. He bit the bamboo of his cage. Good treatment only made him more savage.

It began to be troublesome to procure his food from the woods, and I wanted to accustom him to civilized food. But he would touch nothing of the kind. How was I to bring him to America? I could not put an African forest on board ship. He always snarled at me, and only when very hungry would he take even his choicest food from my hand.

At the end of a fortnight, I came one day to feed him, and found that he had gnawed a bamboo to pieces, and had again made his escape. Luckily, he had just gone; for as I looked around, I caught sight of him making off on all fours, and with great speed across the prairie for a clump of trees.

I at once gave the alarm. I called the men, and we gave chase with the fishing-nets. He

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did not climb a tree, but stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him, and the nets were thrown over him. Four of us bore him, again struggling, into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but fastened a small chain about his neck.

I filled a half barrel with hay and set it near him for his bed. He recognized its use at once. At night he always shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands with which to cover himself when he was snug in the barrel. He often mourned, perhaps for his mother, at night.

Ten days after he was chained he died. I stuffed his skin and brought his skeleton to New York, where many saw it. Poor Joe! I wish he had lived and become tame, so that I could have brought him home with me to show to the children. Now poor Joe can be seen, stuffed, in the British Museum.

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